Mock Marriage. Scott. 1696.

C. Bohn Slingluff. 1870.

Bought with the
Charlotte Harris Fund
Charlestown Branch.

THE

Mock-Marriage.

A

COMEDY,

ACTED

At the *THEATRE* in *DORSET-GARDEN*,

By His MAJESTY's Servants.

Written by Mr. SCOTT.

First Edition Wm. Powell.

-------- *Et Augusto recitantes mense Poetas.*

Juv. *Sat.* 3.

LONDON,
Printed for *H. Rhodes*, in *Fleet-street*; *J. Harris*, in the *Poultry*; and *S. Briscoe*, in *Russel-street*, the Corner of *Charles-street*, *Covent-Garden*. 1696.

Advertisement. She Ventures, and He Wins: A New Comedy. Written by a Young Lady.

A 8064

Charlotte Harris Fund
May 14. 1901

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THE PREFACE.

NOtwithstanding the many Accidents that concurr'd to the Ruin of this Play, *it succeeded above my Expectations: And I must own my self infinitely oblig'd to the Town, in receiving so favourably, what I at first never design'd for the Stage; it being only the Product of some leisure Hours, which indeed might have been worse employ'd. Had I known the Stage as well as one who undertakes to write for it ought, perhaps I might have perform'd better; but I must look on Things of this nature rather as my Diversion than Employment. If those few Friends I have are not disoblig'd herein, I shall have no reason to complain.*

As for the Play *it self, it is not my Business either to reckon up, or defend the Faults urg'd against it: They who pretend to write by Rule, and at the same time hope to divert the Town, will, I fear, have but little more than their Labour for their*

Pains. Peoples Taſtes are different in all Ages; and that which was extreamly well received in the laſt, will be ſcarce look'd upon in this; for the Muſes, as modeſt and reſerv'd as they are, muſt ſuit their Habits to the times, or they will be exploded; To entertain in private, and divert in publick, are two different Talents, and, I believe, both equally difficult.

To conclude, this, with all its Faults, I am now oblig'd to publiſh; I muſt confeſs I think it ſo mean, that had it been poſſible I had diſown'd it. But the inquiſitiveneſs of ſome People was ſo effectual, as to drag me out by force; and I now ſtand expos'd to the Fury of the Multitude. One great thing laid to my Charge, in the management of the PLAY, is Prolixity (a Fault I will not here again be guilty of) I own it a Miſcarriage ſcarce to be pardon'd, and can impute it to nothing but my unexperience in things of this Nature: But ſhou'd I ever play the Fool again, it ſhall be with more Caution and Moderation.

PROLOGUE:

PROLOGUE:

Spoken by Miſs. *CROSS.*

YOur Servant, Sirs: I'm come----- Nay, why d'ye wear
Such Anger in your Eyes? I vow and ſwear
I've put me out; and I am ſo diſmay'd,
I can't remember what I ſhou'd have ſaid.
I fear, do what I can, you all are come,
Reſolv'd upon a Young Beginners Doom:
And our poor Friend will find you, to his Coſt,
Like Birds of Prey, watching a dying Hoſt.
Hard-hearted Men, if I muſt ask in vain!
I'm ſure I ne'er ſhall trouble you again.
I muſt confeſs, he is a Fool t'oppoſe
One tender Maid 'gainſt ſuch a Crowd of Foes;
The captious Beaux's, and the ill-natur'd Wits;
The thinking Critticks, and unthinking Cits:
Thoſe head-ſtrong Judges, 'tis in vain t'emplore 'em;
With well-arm'd Forhead we'll bear all before 'em.
Or are my Fears in vain? I'm ſure ere while
You gently did on our Endeavours ſmile,
When our old Lords, thoſe Giants of the Stage,
Did in wild Fury with our Youth engage.
But David *can, as they in ſhame found true,*
Both wear Goliah's *Sword, and weild it too.*
Be kind then to his Youth, and, for my ſake,
Don't all th' Advantages you meet with, take:
'Tis a ſmall Boon I ask; The Poet ſpare,
Good tender Sirs, in Kindneſs to the Play'r.
Shall I prevail? I hope I ſhall. Howe'er,
If you all come reſolv'd to be ſevere,
If he muſt die, at leaſt he humbly prays
His Judges, to reprieve him for Three Days.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE:

Spoken by Mrs. *KNIGHT*.

OF all the Fools, that now infeſt the Town,
(As we have many) you will meet with none
Deteſted more by all Judicious Men,
Than the poor Wretch that ventures on the Pen.
All other Fools you pity, or excuſe;
But him you're bound in Conſcience to miſuſe.
The Fool of Fortune is your dear Delight;
Ten thouſand Pounds a-year can keep all right.
The keeping Fool, what bold Tongue dares accuſe?
You may keep any Miſtreſs but a Muſe.
The Fool in Office has your daily Grace,
Which you pay not to him, but to his Place.
In ſhort we find (and ſure there's ſomething in't)
All Fools are ſafe, but the poor Fool in Print.
We have a ſcribling Wretch within, I fear
Whate'er he thinks, will find no better Chear,
Than all his Predeceſſors met with here.
For th'idle Fool took no care to ſecure
One ſingle Friend amongſt you all, and ſure
A Man in his Condition's paſt all Cure.
I blam'd him for it; but he ſays he knows
No Favour he can hope for from the Beaux:

For

For in ſincerity he does profeſs,
He knows not what they are but by their Dreſs.
For the Wits Voices he wou'd humbly pray,
Did not their Talent lie the other way.
And to the Ladies (to his ſhame be it ſaid)
He is ſo modeſt, he can't ſhow his Head.
Then uſe him roughly, nip him in the Bud,
He'll grow too ſturdy if he's not withſtood.
But hold, methinks, I hear ſome wiſely ſay,
'Tis not your Intereſt ſure to damn the Play.
Well, if y'are kind to this, ere we give o'er,
You'll find we've better for you in our ſtore.
He that ſets forth a well-appointed Feaſt,
Does never at the firſt produce the beſt:
If you will be t'our firſt Endeavours good,
Our next Diſh ſhall be more ſubſtantial Food.

Draumatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Lord Goodland.	*Mr.* Disney.
Fairly, *a Gentleman lately return'd from Travel.*	*Mr.* Horden.
Willmot and Belfont. *His Friends.*	*Mr.* Powell.
	Mr. Verbrugen.
Sir Simon Barter.	*Mr.* Johnson.
Sir Arthur Stately, *his Nephew.*	*Mr.* Lee.
Lawrence, *Sir* Arthur's *Man.*	
Roger, Willmot's *Man.*	
Lawyer.	
Lady Barter.	*Mrs.* Knight.
Marina, *Daughter to the Lord* Goodland.	*Mrs.* Rogers.
Clarinda, *her Cousin,*	*Mrs.* Verbrugen.
Flavia, *in love with* Willmot.	*Mrs.* Finch.
Betty, Marina's *Maid.*	Mrs. Newman.
Alice, *Maid to the Lady* Barter.	Mrs. Clark.
Landlady, *&c.*	Mr. Bullock.
Quaker.	Mrs. Powell.
Daughter.	Mrs. Urwin.
Musicians.	

Scene *LONDON.*

THE Mock-Marriage.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Parlour.*

Enter Fairly *and* Bellfont.

Fair. AND are theſe all the Diverſions this Town affords?

Bell. O no, there are an hundred other things, that paſs with the ſame ſtamp upon 'em; Men are become as fantaſtical in their Pleaſures as their Devotions; we are now-a-days grown nice and ſpeculative: Every Man is for abſtracting ſomething or other, peculiar to his own Humour, which he varniſhes over with the Name of Pleaſure, tho' it be in it ſelf never ſo uncouth and ridiculous: You ſhall have ſome whoſe chief delight lies in reading a Play, with a good Grace, to my Lady, after Dinner, paſſing a Complement or two upon her Daughter; or, in their abſence, ſporting with her Lap-dog, perhaps the more ſociable Creature of the two.

Fair. Theſe, it may be, are old Fools, ſunk beneath the taſte of more refined Pleaſures, and by Age rendred unfit for any thing elſe.

Bell. No, Faith, luſty young Fellows, with brawny backs, and full faces, deſign'd by Nature for nobler ends, but bebauch'd in the very Cradle; their Mothers made Fools of 'em whilſt they are young, and they make Fools of themſelves ever after.

Fair. But don't theſe Fools conſider in the mean time, how unjuſt they are both to themſelves and their Country? Can they lye ſo ſecurely at home, whilſt all the Youth of *Europe* are in Arms, and not be rows'd by the neighbouring War, which roars ſo loud it almoſt ſhakes their Houſes?

Bell. Why, Faith, *Ned*, the grave Men may talk to 'em of ſuch things, but they have more Wit to believe 'em; 'tis for Men of broken and deſperate Fortunes, that have nothing to do in this World, to bid up for the

next; why, an unthinking Canon-bullet may come, and ſtrike our young Hero over the face, and then farewell 1500 a-year.

Fair. And yet our Fathers, *Bellfont*, who knew the worth of Life as well as we, in foreign Fields, choſe rather to ſpend their days, than ſleep in lazy Peace at home, when the Engliſh Valour ſingly cou'd oppoſe the growing Greatneſs of our haughty Neighbours, and make 'em bend beneath our ſtronger Virtue.

Bell. Ay, ay, there have been thoſe days, when a ſcar or two were thought as neceſſary to compleat a Man's Phyſiognomy, as a beard; but that was before patches came in faſhion. Our Fathers were rude, ill-bred fellows, *Ned*, of Souls as ill-faſhion'd as their Cloaths, that knew not how to put a right value upon Life, becauſe not ſweeten'd with thoſe ſofter Pleaſures, which we their famous Off ſpring, the bold Adventures of this happier Age, dar'd firſt diſcover.

Fair. Pleaſures indeed; but, O how much they've coſt us! Our Fame and Virtue given in exchange, may make us curſe the Purchaſe; but hang 'em, let's leave 'em to their own Folly and Repentance: And, prithee, tell me, *Bellfont*, I hope ſome Men of Senſe are ſtill to be found; for if the Town is compoſed of ſuch as theſe, I had beſt back to *Flanders* again; 'twill be more troubleſome to me, than Winter-Quarters in an Enemy's Country.

Bell. No, Faith, never think of *Flanders*, ſo long as there is good Wine, good Friends, and handſome Whores to be had; for as for the honeſt Women, as our Friend *Willmot* ſaith, they are not worth our thoughts.

Enter Willmot.

Will. For ſhame, *Harry*, what, talk of Whores ſo early in the morning? See if *Fairly* doth not bluſh at it. Hark you, *Ned*, if you wear thoſe looks always, you'll never riſe to any higher ſervice with the Women, than holding their Fans, or, perhaps, buckling their Shoes upon occaſion. Throw aſide that ſtiff Spaniſh Gravity, and appear like thy Self, brisk, gay, and witty, as Nature has deſign'd thee, and do not wrong thy Youth thus.

Fair. All in good time, *Frank*, all in good time; two or three more of thy looſe wanton humour wou'd turn the World upſide down.

Will. With all my heart, I long to ſee th'other ſide of it, this is ſo crowded with Knaves and Fools, that there is hardly any room left for Men of Senſe to ſtir in.

Fair. I find, indeed, *Frank*, my Landlady has drawn thee to the Life, in her Character ſhe hath given me of thee.

Will Damn her, old *Jezebell*, ſhe has been corrupting her Neece with ſome of her grave Inſtructions too, ſhe'd never be ſo reſerv'd elſe; I have ever minded it, thoſe envious old Devils, who are damn'd by Age to an inſenſibility of Pleaſure themſelves, are always for diſappointing it in others. But——

Enter

Enter Landlady.

Land. But what, Mr. *Willmot*? I have heard you, your wicked devices will fall upon your own head.

Will. Dear Landlady, how does thy leathern face this morning? Let me kiſs thee.

Land. Stand off, you rude Man, I wonder you are not aſhamed to appear in my houſe; as I am honeſt, Gentlemen, he is e'en a Termagent, my Maids tremble at the very ſight of him; if he comes within twenty yards of the houſe, they are unfit for buſineſs three hours after. Stand off, I ſay; if he goes on at this rate, my own Perſon won't be ſecure; but, Sir, have a care, there is Law to be had againſt Raviſhers.

Will. Alas, alas! five and fifty will ſecure thy Perſon, old *Eve*, better than all the Laws in the Land; but if thou would'ſt beget a good Underſtanding betwixt me and thy pretty Neece, I ſhou'd not care much if I held up my hand in all the Courts in *England*.

Land. Out, you Beaſt! wou'd you have me turn Bawd at laſt?

Will. Why not, you old Fool? Thou art good for nothing elſe. I can't imagine why they, who are thruſt off the Stage of Pleaſure themſelves, ſhou'd not be aſſiſting to thoſe that are upon it, and ſo promote the good Work, tho' they can't be Actors in it.

Land. You hear him, Gentlemen; but 'tis no matter, eaſe and plenty have made him wanton, he'll be of another mind one day. There, Sir, [*To* Willmot] there's a Letter for you, I undertook to deliver it, though you do not deſerve ſo much from me.

Will. Why, did not I tell you, Gentlemen, ſhe'd make an excellent Bawd, ſhe's Miſtreſs of one branch of the Faculty already: Look here, ſhe has a good hand at Conveyances. Here, old *Sybil*, read it thy ſelf.

Land. I will ſo, if I have my eyes about me. Let me ſee, How's this!

Dear Mr. *Willmot*,

MY *Husband has been abroad theſe two days, and will not return till* Saturday; *if you have half the Love you pretend, you will not neglect ſo favourable an Opportunity: The Bearer may prove a neceſſary Inſtrument, and will deſerve Encouragement*,

Yours, *&c.*

Will. Which thou ſhalt moſt aſſuredly have, my dear Embaſſadreſs. Well, what Gratuity, ha! a new Gown, Scarf, or a Suit of Linen? Come, prithee tell me which would'ſt thou have? Or now I think of it, a new Sett of Teeth wou'd do better than any thing.

Land. Stand off, Sir, and don't provoke me, I'd have you to know I'm a Gentlewoman; my Husband, God bleſs him, if he had liv'd, might have been an Alderman e'er now, and I to do this. No, Sir, I received it of the Inſtrument, as you call him, this morning; he thought you had

ſtill lodg'd here; but you ſhall receive the next your ſelf for me; and as for your Pimp, if I catch him again, I'll take order that my Maids ſhall give him the Encouragement he deſerves; a young Rogue, that has ſcarce wip'd his Mother's Milk off his Chaps, and he to turn the Devil's Solicitor! Lord! Lord! what will this World come to!

Will. No more Reflections, good Beldame; but lay your hand upon your heart, and tell me, if your buſineſs was never manag'd by ſuch a Lawyer; remember my Lord *Goodland*'s Page, that was to cry, Hem! if any one appear'd: Come, come, theſe Gentlemen ſhall know all.

Land. I deſie thee, and all thy Malice, thou wicked Slanderer, though by day and night I'll be even with you, or I'll be the Table-talk of the whole Town.

Will. Nay, don't be angry, good Landlady, but let us come to the buſineſs; prithee document thy Neece a little better, ſhe is young and giddy I confeſs, but muſt needs hearken to thee, both as thou art an old Woman, and her Aunt; if thou wilt but bring the buſineſs about, thou know'ſt my meaning——

Land. No, no, good Devil, keep off, I ſhall ſacrifice none of my Fleſh and Blood to you.

Will. None of thine! I want it not, 'tis for *Flavia* I pine, and languiſh; and if thou haſt no Compaſſion on me, I ſhall die out-right.

Land. Why, Faith, the ſooner the better; for I know no remedy.

Will. Well then, ſince thou art ſo inexorable, I proclaim open War againſt thee; thou ſhalt not have a Monkey left to play with a-days, or a Lap-dog to ſport with a-nights; not an old Beaux to hand thee to Church, or bow to thee in the Play-houſe; I'll watch thee as narrowly as thy old Husband ever did; if any one offers thee the leaſt Civility, I'll challenge him; and if he dares refuſe the Combat, poſt him up for a Coward; till by degrees I have ſo exerciſed thee, that thou falleſt ſick of the yellow Jaundice, and at laſt dy'ſt in *Bedlam*: What ſay'ſt thou, wilt thou compound yet?

Land. No, I'll die firſt; but, to be even with you, may the hot deſires of boiling Youth, and the impotence of old Age, be your continual Plagues; may all your Miſtreſſes be kind, but want the bleſſings of Opportunity to yield themſelves up to you; may ſome unexpected Accident ſtill croſs your Expectations at the very point of Enjoyment; may all your Wiſhes be as eager, as your Endeavours vain; and, to allay the Fires your amorous hopes have kindled, may you fly to ſome old Weather-beaten Sinner, that may corrupt your Body, and blaſt your Reputation; may you in the heighth of Youth drop into the Diſeaſes of old Age, and at laſt die in an Hoſpital, and ſo farewell; for I will have my Revenge.

[*Exit.*

Belf. Ha, ha, ha, ha; Faith, *Willmot*, I believe it is the wiſeſt way to be reconcil'd; for whatever you think of *Flavia*, ſhou'd ſhe ſpoil your Deſigns upon *Clarinda*, I believe a little from that ſide wou'd ſenſibly touch you.

Will. No,

Will. No, no, *Clarinda* has more Wit than to hearken to her, beſides my pretences to her have nothing but Honour in 'em, cou'd I perſuade that young Gypſie to believe me.

Fair. Very honourable indeed, when in the heighth of your Courtſhip you are upon a double Scent: True Love is like real Friendſhip, it can admit but of one Object; for otherwiſe it loſes its name, and becomes meer Flattery and Oſtentation.

Will. Nay, hold there, *Ned*, I grant you a Man can take but one, *for better for worſe*; but where there is a full ſtock of Love, others ſurely may put in for the overflowings: Tis true, none but the elder Son ſhou d lay lay claim to the Inheritance, and yet the younger may reaſonably expect ſome, by Gifts and Legacies.

Bell. And you, I fear, are for diſpoſing of ſo many, that your main Eſtate will be ſcarce reſponſible.

Will. Then I'll call in my Friends to my aſſiſtance; but of this we'll diſcourſe more over a Glaſs of Wine at my Lord *Goodland*'s, and the two young Ladies ſhall judge of our performances. What think you, *Fairly*? Will you ſubmit yourſelf to *Marina*'s Judgment?

Fair. Yes, if I cou'd but hope ſhe thought as favourably of me, as I do of her; but I hear our Engliſh Ladies have thrown off that freedom and openneſs of humour they have been ſo celebrated for, and are become too nice and reſerved, even to affectation.

Bell. And yet that reſervedneſs you ſeem to condemn in our Ladies, it is no more than neceſſary. We begin to uſe more ſeverity towards them than the very *Spaniard*; he by his reſtraint ſecures 'em from the worſt of Vices, we expoſe and miſ-repreſent the very beſt of their Vertues; nay, the nobleſt of the whole Sex have been ſometimes ſtigmatized in a Lampoon for that very Action which deſerv'd a Panegyrick.

Fair. I thought thoſe Lampooners Province lay on the other ſide; does the whole Town afford 'em ſuch thin Diet, that they are forc'd to prey upon Vertue to ſatisfie their ravenous Appetite?

Bell. O damn 'em for ill-bred Curs, that love to leave the lawful Scent, and fall foul on forbidden Game; ſullen miſchievous Beaſts, that have nothing of Satyrs in 'em, but the deformity, that by a ſtrange Art of Chymiſtry, can change the pureſt of Gold into the baſeſt of Metals, and draw the rankeſt Poiſons out of the wholeſomeſt Herbs.

Will. Why, as ill a Character as you have given of theſe People, *Bellfont*, Sir *Arthur* within thinks it no diminution to his Honour to be reckon'd in the number.

Bell. Nay, I muſt confeſs he has ill Nature enough to entitle him to it.

Will. And as he thinks, Wit.

Bell. A little will qualifie him.

Fair. You two are always quarelling I find, *Willmot*

Will. O, he muſt be kept at ſome diſtance, or he'd grow too ſawcy and familiar.

Fair.

Fair. Certainly never had one Man such a variety of Humours, so directly opposite to one another; they say he is Master of a great Estate, and yet he has seldom a peny in his Pocket; a great Lover of Women's Company, and yet so slovenly, that he is sometimes scarce to be endur'd in Men's; this hour so obliging and complaisant, that you wou'd take him for a meer Courtier; the next, so rough and intractable, that there is no dealing with him; and though he pretends to an open intercourse and familiarity with many of the Nobility, yet doth his Acquaintance lye no less amongst the very Scoundrels of the Town.

VVill. And I believe him equally ridiculous to both; these make choice of him for their Prey, and th'other for their Mirth: He is a Glove for both hands.

Bell. And yet handsome on neither; a Fool that will be frequently thrusting himself into good Company, tho' he is sure to spoil it; next to his Uncle Sir *Simon*, I believe him the most extraordinary Person this Town can afford.

VVill. That is indeed a Master-piece, an Ideot that is mightily affronted he is not rais'd up to the Nobility; nay, so extravagantly vain and supercilious, that he thinks it infinitely beneath his Quality so much as to look upon any one under the Title of Lord.

Bell. Very fond of his Wife I hear.

Fair. And withal very jealous.

Bell. You know best with what Reason, *VVillmot*; for I hear whatever Opinion he may have of a *Plebeian*, she hath no very mean one of you.

VVill. Why, truly she is so prudent, as not to esteem Men according to the airy trifles of Fortune, but the more substantial gifts of Nature.

Bell. And to show her Judgment, has fix'd on your Person as the Object of her Favour.

VVill. I must confess we have frequently spent some hours together, and, I believe, to both our satisfactions.

Bell. Nay, to your credit be it spoken, I hear she has almost quench'd that thirst after variety, that wandring inconstant humour, you have been hitherto so famous for. Prithee, what has she about her entertains thee so long?

VVill. Why, I esteem her much for the same reason some People love a Cat or Monkey, because they are mischievous: She has a sort of ill-natur'd Wit in her, that you will be forc'd to admire, tho' you are sure to suffer under it: She has learn'd her Master *Ovid*'s Lesson most exactly; for she'll always sharpen the Appetite by some unlucky contrivance or other, that shall be sure to bawk your Expectation for the present, and send you back more eager in your Wishes than you came; so that by that time she is pleased to give her self into your Arms, you come fir'd with double Vigour, and shall find new Charms that are more engaging, because seemingly reap'd in danger.

Fair.

Fair. A politick Quality enough in a Miſtreſs: She knows thy rambling Humour, and therefore uſes thee accordingly. But I wonder we hear nothing of Sir *Arthur* this Morning: He uſes to be calling for his Chocolate ere this.

Bell. Perhaps he hears that *Willmot* is with thee; and therefore cares not to appear. What was the ground of your Quarrel laſt Night, *Frank?* I found you mighty high.

Will. The Fool wou'd needs pretend to have been ſomething too familiar with a Lady of my Acquaintance I met with in the Play-houſe, and give the Company an account of the Time when and where; when, to my own Knowledge, ſhe has ſcarce been in *London* four Days; and I am ſure never ſaw it before in her life.

Fair. What wont ſuch vain Fops affirm! But, hold; I believe I hear him coming. Prithee, *Frank*, do thou withdraw a little; for I fear he'll not come in, if he ſees thee here.

Will. I will ſo. But try to bring in the Subject of our Quarrel in your Diſcourſe, if you can: We ſhall hear if he is in the ſame Humour now, he was in laſt Night.

Sir Arthur *within.*] Landlady, good-morrow: Is *Ned Fairly* within?

Landlady within.] Yes, Sir *Arthur*; he's in the Dining-Room.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Fair. Here he comes: Fox, to the Hole. Sir *Arthur*, good-morrow: I thought a Man addicted to Study like your ſelf, cou'd not have lain, with patience, ſo long in Bed.

Sir *Arth.* Why faith, *Ned*, the Fumes of laſt Night's Wine have rais'd Foggs in my Brain this Morning. But where do you dine to day?

Fair. Where I hope we ſhall have your good Company: It is my Lord *Goodland*'s Birth-day, which I hear he celebrates moſt Nobly: You are invited, Sir *Arthur*, amongſt the reſt.

Sir *Arth.* Faith I'm ſorry I can't be there; I made a Promiſe to a Lady, that was mighty importunate with me laſt night, to bring two or three of my new Songs, and dine with her to day: But I may come and take a Glaſs after Dinner.

Fair. You'll oblige the Company, Sir *Arthur*. But what, may I be ſo bold as to ask who this Lady is? The ſame, I fanſie, *Willmot* was ſo uncivil as to quarrel with you about laſt night.

Sir *Arth.* The very ſame, *Ned*: But was there ever ſuch an unmannerly Puppy, to tell me to my Face the Lady was a Stranger to me, when I'm ſure we have been familiarly acquainted theſe twelve Months!

Bell. And yet he poſitively affirms ſhe never ſaw *London* 'till within theſe four Days.

Sir *Arth.* *Willmot* is a Raſcal, and they are all Fools that hearken to him: Had I thought he wou'd have anſwer'd me, I had challeng'd him; but I know him a Coward, and think him beneath my Anger.

Fair.

Fair. Have a care, Sir, he's a Man of Honour, and they ſay, when provok'd, has a ſharp Sword.

Sir *Arth.* Honour, Sir! What mean you? Not ſo much as Sir *Arthur Stately*, I hope: And as for a Sword, mine's as good a Blade as his can be.

Bell. I doubt it not; and in as good Hands, that can manage it as cleanly.

Sir *Arth.* Clean, Sir? I confeſs I have not waſh'd 'em to day: But what's that to you? Had you nothing elſe to obſerve? I hate thoſe Men that ſtill expoſe the Failings of their Friends, but bury their Vertues in ſilence.

Bell. Ha, ha, ha! Do you take me for your Nurſe, Sir *Arthur*, to mind whether your Face is clean every morning? tho', I confeſs, you wou'd do well to keep a Valet for the purpoſe.

Fair. Come, come, no more of that, *Harry*; when Sir *Arthur* has time to conſider, he'll be of your Mind; 'till then, we'll leave him to the purſuit of his Pleaſures, and with him ſucceſs amongſt the Ladies.

Bell. Succeſs! he deſerves it not; and 'tis impoſſible he ſhou'd obtain it: She that can grant him a Court'ſie, will hardly deny one to the Devil. Were I a Woman, I ſhou'd take a Black-moor for an Angel to him.

Sir *Arth.* Malice, by Hell! meer Malice, and Repining at my good Parts! And yet know, Sir, there are Ladies in Town bright as the Day, and ſweeter than the Morning, that dare be familiar with my Perſon, in a better Place than I ſhall name at preſent, whilſt you are conſuming your Wits in a dull rhiming Ditty, Sir, below, and tuning it to your lamentable ſqueaking Catsguts: And ſo I leave you; for know, I ſcorn you more than you envy me.

VVill. re-entring.] Hold, good Sir *Arthur*; pray hear me a Word firſt before you go.

Sir *Arth.* The Devil! *VVillmot* here! Nay then----- But hang him, they dare not in Honour let him draw upon me; beſides, my Uncle may be call'd upon occaſion (*Aſide.*) Well, Sir, what have you to ſay?

VVill. You are deſign'd for the Lady this Morning, I hear?

Sir *Arth.* A plague take him: Upon that String ſtill! And what then, Sir?

VVill. My Love, Sir, that's all; and withal tell her from me, Since Nature work'd ſo very violenty in her, as to force her to ſacrifice her Honour to her Inclinations, ſhe cou'd not have pick'd out a fitter Perſon than the Worthy Sir *Arthur Stately.*

Sir *Arth.* O Sir, your Servant. What means he?

VVill. The Mirrour of Knighthood!

Bell. And Top-Gallant of Generoſity!

Fair. That Pyramid of Learning!

Bell. And Monſter of Good-nature!

VVill. The Glory of the Young!

Fair. And Envy of the Old!

[*All this while Sir* Arthur *is endeavouring to get from 'em, but they detain him.*

VVill.

Will. Nay, by your leave, Sir, your Modesty must be patient a little: I can never do too much to wipe off the Injury I did you last Night.

Sir *Arth.* None at all, Sir, I vow to Gad: 'Pray', Sir, excuse me.

Will. You shall have Justice. First, for his outside, that compleat shape.

Bell. And sprightly Air.

Fair. That rising Nose.

Will. And radiant Eyes.

Bell. That graceful Front.

Fair. And ruddy Cheeks.

Will. Those Milk-white Teeth———

Bell. And pouting Lips.

Fair. Ha, ha, ha.

Sir *Arth.* Hold Sir, I've a Sword.

Will. Lock it up, you'll lose it else.

Sir *Arth.* And shall———

Will. Pick your Teeth with it?

Sir *Arth.* Run you through the Guts.

Will. Dare you use it?

Sir *Arth.* Wou'd I durst.

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha.

Will. Dost thou hear me, thou vain Fop, thou Lover in imagination only; had'st thou no body else to abuse, no Sempstress's Daughter, or Suburb-Mistress, no Merchant's Wife, or Captain's Sinner, People that have no Reputation, and yet want none; but your rude Tongue must play with the fair Honour of one unknown: A Lady too, by Heaven, whose Maiden-thoughts, did they once start aside, warm'd by Desire and youthful Blood, on sight of such a filthy lump of Lewdness, wou'd recoil back, and cool again to Vertue.

Fair. Hold, *Willmot*, now you are too unconscionable; the Knight is sensible of it already: What shou'd he do with a Mistress, write Anagrams upon her Name, or Posies for a Ring? He dares appear no where abroad with her; not at the Play-house, for there the Orange-wenches wou'd ridicule him; nor at Church, where the Dogs wou'd bark at him; besides, he can't tell how to write a Billet-deux genteely, unless it be in Rhime: And you know, Sir *Arthur*, 'tis ten to one, but she'd pin that at your back again the next time you came to visit her.

Sir *Arth.* Well, Gentlemen, I know my own Worth; and all you can say, shall never lessen my good Opinion of my self; and so I leave you: May Pride and ill Nature be your daily Companions. [*Exit.*

Will. Your Servant, Sir, ha, ha, ha: A pleasant Scene, this. *Roger.*

Enter Servant.

Roger. Your Worship's Pleasure?

Will. Thou hast dogg'd many a Woman upon occasion, and that very cunningly: Follow me now Sir *Arthur*; house him, and learn his business there, if possible; nay, make haste, thou'lt loose him else.

Roger. I fly to serve you, Sir. *Exit.*

Will. Now if the Rogue ſucceeds, and no doubt but he will, ſhall we know what Women theſe are, that have ſuch an honourable eſteem for his Perſon; ſome dirty Landreſs or other, my Life on't.

Fair. I confeſs it will be worth our diſcovery: 'Twill be a mortification both to him and Sir *Simon*, who wou'd utterly diſcard him, ſhou'd he know he touch'd the Lip of any thing that was not honourable.

Bell. May the Event anſwer our Expectations: But prithee what Lady is this, whoſe Honour thou haſt ſo zealouſly defended?

Will. Why, 'Faith, one that may have no more than Sir *Arthur* wou'd allow her, for ought I know: She has Wit and Beauty enough for a Whore; and if her Honeſty can't keep pace with both, ſhe may be what he fancy'd her; but as yet I have better thoughts of her. In ſhort, it was *Clarinda*.

Bell. The Devil 'twas!

Will. The very ſame, Man.

Fair. 'Tis ſtrange he did not know her, being ſo near a Neighbour!

Will. Not ſo, conſidering ſhe came but laſt *Friday*, and has been ſcarce twice abroad e'er ſince.

Fair. I fancy, *Frank*, this piece of Generoſity, did ſhe hear of it, muſt needs do more with her than a whole Year ſpent in formal Courtſhip.

Will. Hear of it! Not for the World: 'Twill make her proud and careleſs of her own Honour, when ſhe thinks ſhe has got a Champion to maintain it; beſides, I ſhall be laugh'd at for a meer Knight-errant, and the Avenger of diſtreſs'd Damoſels. No, I had rather be her Ladyſhip's Pimp, than Hector; therefore no Words of it if you love me: But how Sir *Arthur* will carry't off when he ſees her, will be worth our Obſervation.

Fair. Like one who has his Sins ſet full before him.

Bell. I warrant it worth all our other Mirth; but, come, 'tis time we were there.

Will. Allons, *Fairly*. Now for *Marina*.

Bell. Did you never ſpeak to her yet?

Fair. Not ſince my return from Travel: 'Tis true, before I went, we grew up into an innocent Familiarity, grounded upon the Friendſhip of our Parents; nay, ſometimes her un-experience wou'd let fall ſomething, my eager hopes did then interpret the Signs of Love: But ſhe was young, and, as my Fears now tell me, ſcarce knew the Name.

Will. I warrant thee, Man, Girls of Fourteen know as much as their Mothers; and, at Fifteen, are of as ripe Experience.

Fair. Well, Fortune be my Friend.

Will. Be thy own, *Ned*; and then a Fig for fortune.

[Fairly, Belfont *go out*; *and as* Willmot *follows, he ſees* Flavia, *who appears at the other ſide of the Stage.*

Flav. Good Lord! I have been croſſing my ſelf, and devoutly ſaying my Pray'rs this Morning, for fear of the Devil, and the very firſt thing I meet proves to be him. Well, I'll pray no more, if theſe be their effects.

Will. No, Child, you know Prayers without Charity are always ineffectual; and 'till thou haſt ſome for me, thine muſt neceſſarily prove ſo.

Flav.

Flav. Why, Good Sir, wherein do you ſtand in need of it? You are ſound and firm in body, as I take it.

Vill. Yes, 'Faith, and in good health; try me elſe.

Flav. Softly, ſoftly, Sir, and I believe in want of nothing. You wear good Cloaths, and, I dare ſay, feed well: Your Face ſpeaks as much.

Vill. Doſt thou like it then?

Flav. Yes, as I wou'd a well-drawn Picture; that feeds the ſight with Pleaſure afar off; but approach near it, and its Beauty's loſt.

Vill. The Devil thou doſt: A pretty Compariſon, 'Faith. Doſt thou take me for a piece of *Arras*; a thing in a Frame, ſet to adorn your Ladyſhip's Cloſet; the ſilent Witneſs of your ſecret lewdneſs?

Flav. No hold there, Sir, I've ſcarce ſo good an Opinion of you; ſo far from thinking you wou'd conceal what you ſee, that I believe you wou'd tell more than you know.

Vill. So far from that, Sweet-heart, that let a Lady be kind to me overnight, and 'Faith, I forget it quite next Morning; nay, I ſcarce think of her, or her buſineſs, ever after.

Flav. A fine Commendation this, and a great Encouragement. 'Pray' Sir, forget me then; nay, Sir, keep farther off, or I ſhall call my Aunt.

Vill. I had rather thou ſhould'ſt call the Devil; he'd be leſs trouble, and ſooner learn his Duty. Well, what ſay'ſt thou? By thoſe wanton Eyes, and trembling Lips, thoſe glowing Cheeks, by all thy ſoft Deſires, ſay ſhall I not? My Love, my Angel! how can'ſt thou be thus cruel?

Flav. This Afternoon——

Vill. Speak where, and make me happy.

Flav. In my Lord *Goodland*'s Grove, adjoining to my Aunt's Garden.

Vill. 'Twas made on purpoſe: At Four then I'll expect you.

Flav. Three if you love me.

Vill. By this Kiſs I do: Ten thouſand Sweets are lodg'd in't.

Flav. Well, you'll forget now.

Vill. I ſhall be damn'd then.

Flav. Till then——

Vill. Farewell: All my beſt Hopes wait on you. [*Exit* Flavia.

Women were born to be ſubdu'd: In vain
They ſtrive t'oppoſe the nobler Creature Man:
Their own Deſires at length will make 'em yield,
And firſt or laſt they all muſt quit the Field.

Act II. Scene I.

Scene, *Lady* Goodland's *House*.

Enter Marina *and* Clarinda.

Mar. WEll, well, Couſin, I ſay ſtill; *London* for my Money: If my Mother catches me in the Country again in haſte, may I look as old as ſhe does; or what is worſe, marry the Fool her Wiſdom has pick'd out for me, and be kept there all the days of my life.

Mar. Marry, I ſuppoſe you deſign nothing elſe; 'tis her Will, and ſhe muſt be obey'd.

Clar. Why, 'Faith, that's e'en as I pleaſe to order it: I grant you, were there a ſcarcity of Men, and conſequently a danger of my dying a Maid, I might upon reaſonable Terms be brought to ſubmit; but as long as there is ſuch a variety, Lawyers with great Eſtates, and Courtiers with none at all; elder Brothers with heavy Heads, and younger with light Purſes; Citizens, Soldiers, Players, and Poets: If he ever gets me between a pair of Sheets, I'll be damn'd to ſowre Milk, and Whey-butter, as long as I live.

Mar. You're not in earneſt ſure?

Clar. By my Virginity, but I am.

Mar. Now, in my Eyes, the Country is not ſo diſagreeable, unleſs an eaſie retir'd Life, remov'd from the Clamours and Vices of the Town, may be reckon'd as ſuch.

Clar. Nay, hold you there, good Couſin, the Country has its Noiſes too, tho', perhaps, not ſo loud and frequent; yet I'm ſure far more odious. What think you of a Conſort of Hounds for a Serenade ev'ry Morning, that raiſes your good Spouſe by Four-a-Clock, who leaves you to nothing but the vain Wiſhes of a better Bed-fellow: It may be you drop a ſleep again, and dream of one; but ſcarce has your Imagination ſhap'd him to Deſires, before a a Flock of well diſpos'd Geeſe frightens your fancy'd Lover from your Arms, and ſecures your Body, that Temple of Chaſtity, from Pollution; ſo that you have not the opportunity of cuckolding him, tho' it be only in a Dream.

Mar. Nor had I one, wou'd I deſire it; ſo much ſhou'd I be his; ſo truly the Servant of his Pleaſures, that I'd eſteem each guilty thought a Rebel that dar'd to wander from him.

Clar.

Clar. True, but it must be one that I cou'd love, and that knew how to deserve me; not your dull Country Ass, that makes no difference betwixt his Wife and Horse; who tho' he has Tongue as big as one of his Calves, can entertain me in Discourse with nothing, but the price of Corn and Hay, or rotten Sheep and lowsie Hogs; that confines me to an old House, the ill contriv'd labour of some of his Ancestors, who came over forsooth with *William* the *Conqueror*: my Company, an old Aunt, or ill-favour'd Sister; or perhaps the Parson after Dinner, who is to tell me the meaning of his last Sermon, and sometime a piece of News six months old, pick'd out of the mouldy Papers he lights his Pipes with. No, no, my Father, Peace rest with him, left me moderately rich; and, or I am flatter'd, I have my share of Beauty; if then any thing above a Justices Clerk, dare be troubled with me here, when I go back again to *Warwick-shire*, to spend my Time and Money in Pultisses for sore Throats, Plaisters for Scabby Heads, and broken Shins, the Devil shall be wiser than I take him.

Mar. Well, you are learned, Cousin; but let us wave this Discourse till *Willmot* comes; he shall bear a part in it: I fancy by that guilty blush, you can set down satisfied with him and all his faults.

Clar. If he has no more, than I yet perceive, he will not find me very intractable; but I must know him better first.

Mar. I dare swear he loves you heartily.

Clar. If he may be believ'd himself, he does indeed; for he had the impudence to tell me so the very first time he saw me; tho' I fancy there are many other Ladies in Town, can say as much of him: he is one of those that falls in Love with every new Face they meet.

Mar. He has indeed had the Name of a great Libertine; but you know Wedlock is a Mortifying State, and they say a great cooler of the Blood.

Clar. But I'll mortifie him before, or my Wits shall fail me; for when once I give my Hand, I resign all my Power: Marriage in many respects is like Death, you may make what conditions you please before the Ceremony, but as the Parson finds you, he leaves you, there's no Reprieve to be had.

Mar. If it's so dangerous, I think them the wisest that keep farthest from it.

Clar. For the same reason therefore, you shou'd abstain from those Meats that please the Pallat most, for fear of a Surfet, or what is worse, Poysons that may be lodg'd in 'em: no, no *Marina*, Flesh and Blood sometime or other will be craving, and must be satisfy'd, otherwise we do a violence to Nature, who tells us that we are imperfect pieces, like tender Plants expos'd to th' fury, and the rude blasts of bold malicious Tongues, till our blest Fortunes have at length remov'd us into the Arms of kind, and loving Husbands; there we shoot up, and like the tender Vine, warm'd in the Embraces of the faithful Elm, we join our Loves and sweetly grow together; and when at length we die, we leave behind us a Memory that shall perfume our Ashes.

Enter

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, here's Mr. *Willmot* come in, and I believe has been hunting after you, for he has run his Nose into ev'ry corner of the House.

Clar. O let him hunt on, 'twill get him a Stomach to his Dinner.

Mar. Are any with him?

Betty. Yes Madam, Mr. *Fairly* and Mr. *Bellfont.*

Mar. Fairly?

Clar. Yes, Cousin, *Fairly*, does it startle you? What think you of him for an Husband?

Mar. As of all others; but why that Question?

Clar. Because Fame speaks him an Accomplish'd Gentleman.

Mar. She is seldom in the right, Cousin.

Clar. I must confess I have seen him; and to my thinking, his Person promises nothing extraordinary; his Conversation too, they say is no way grateful.

Mar. To Wanton Womens Ears perhaps it is not, he knows not how to entertain 'em with a Discourse of this or that Lady, wantonly caught with such a Lord, or reckon up all the new Faces that appear at Court; who 'twas that speak'd last night behind the *Lobby*; what such an one had for her Maidenhead, and how oft she had sold it, things that please none but Fools that live on Scandal; but to all Modest Ears, his words are sweet as the blest Raptures of departing Saints, whose eager Souls are going to possess the long expected Crown of all their Virtues.

Clar. Ha, ha, *Marina*, have I caught you? I shou'd take you to be one of those Saints by your Rapture, but I believe yours has more of the Flesh than Spirit in it.

Mar. What mean you, Cousin?

Clar. What mean you to play the Hypocrite thus? come, come, I guess'd as much before, and what I said was only to try you, tho' I confess, I did not think you'd wince so very soon.

Mar. Well, since you have Entrapp'd me, I do love him, equal to Life, and my best hopes of Heaven; more than the Souldier Honour, or the Miser his secret Treasure; more than a new-made Mother, the first dear Pledge of all her Fruitful Joys.

Clar. A pat Confession truly, great pitty 'tis he was not Witness to't.

Mar. No, when I stoop so low, and vilely sue him to take me to his Arms, may I grow loath'd as Whores and Drunkards; whatever Fortune has design'd me, I'll still retain that modest Virgin-Pride, which adds new Charms to Beauty, and makes our Youth more lovely.

Betty. Madam, my Lord.

Enter Lord Goodland, Fairly, *and* Willmot.

Ld. *Good.* Here, where are you? Thinking of Husbands, my life on't; first how to get, and then Cuckold 'em. Here, Mr. *Fairly*, here's an old Friend of yours, that's grown a strapper since you left *England*; ay, there to 'em, so well said.

Fair.

Fair. She's grown indeed, but like a blushing Rose, whose opening Bud promis'd a World of Beauty; but being full blown, exceeds our Expectations.

Ld. *Good.* That's well said again, adod, you are a meer Courtier, I wou'd not be a young Girl in your way for something. See if she does not blush; a meer puling Wench, she'll ne're have so much Fire in her as her Mother had.

Clar. Yes my Lord, a Youthful Lovers Arms, brisk as I'm told your Lordship was in your younger days, will quickly warm her.

Ld. *Good.* So, my mad Neece still, and i'faith thou art in the right; but a Pies on't, none but Fools and Mad-men will have any thing to say to you upon that score now, your own Pride and Self-conceit has quite spoil'd your Market; a Lover is but a more Genteel Name for an Ass; for twenty pound to a Fidle-string, but you make him such before you have done.

Clar. Do you hear that, Sir, know what you was born to, and tremble.

Willm. Yes my little *Circe*, I do so; thou shalt make me what Beast thy fancy likes best, so thou wilt make me thine: I'll bed thee under all the shapes in *Æsop*, and beget a new Race of Monsters to People the Land of the *Moon*, and thou and I will Reign King and Queen there.

Clar. No Sir, such odd ways of Courtship have been out of fashion ever since the old Heathen Poets fell asleep; I'd rather have a Cobler for my Bed-fellow, than a Swan, or Satyr: your Worship may be a Bull, if you please, a day-times; but at night you must be a Man, or I shall fix a pair of Horns on your Head that will be very uneasie.

Willm. Well, no Man knows what he may be before he dies; but if I do wear Horns——

Clar. Ill hang my Maid's Petticoats upon 'em.

Willm. That may chance to raise an Itch in me, will be very troublesom.

Clar. O no Sir, if you are of so quick a Scent, to prevent all mischief, we'll muzzle you.

Mar. (*Aside*) How eagerly he views me! Surely he wou'd look through me; which if he can, he'll find an Heart within ty'd to his Love, and triumph in my weakness.

Ld. *Good.* Well, but Mr. *Fairly*, old Men love to enquire, and you Travellers often love to relate the Stories of your Travels, or shall we suspend our Curiosity till after Dinner, 'twill then serve instead of Musick, and crown our lusty Glasses.

Fair. My Lord, neither my Adventures, or Observations, were so curious, as necessary; I travell'd not to fill my Mouth, but enrich my Understanding; and took more care to know my self exactly, than the Countries I pass'd through.

Mar. Did you meet with no Rarities abroad, Sir?

Fair. None exceeding those I've seen at home, Madam.

Mar. They say the *Italian* Ladies are Fair to a Miracle.

Fair. They are indeed; but yet they must give the *English* leave to lead the way: I must confess I saw at *Venice* a perfect Beauty, as such esteem'd, to whom the Nobles su'd, and at whose Feet the Souldier, in the full pride

of

of all his Glorious Conqueſts, laid down his uſeleſs Arms, unable to defend him againſt the force of her Commanding Beauty: the Wealthy Merchant too acknowledg'd he had found a Jewel here at home, worth all his *Indies*; and the Scholar invok'd no other Goddeſs in his Verſe, whoſe tuneful Notes ſung nothing but her Praiſes.

Mar. What have I heard? O I am loſt for ever! (*Aſide.*)

Clar. I ſuppoſe Sir, after the Deſcription you have given, to ask if you was ſmitten amongſt the reſt, wou'd be to queſtion if you are a Man or no.

Fair. No, Madam, I cou'd ſafely look upon her, and view her in all her Glories; my Heart was gone before, the happy Subject of a far Nobler Conqueſt; nor wou'd I ſeek a Miſtreſs out in *Italy*, who had left behind me here in *England*, a Miracle worth all their boaſted Saints; a Piece ſo Fair, ſo full of Goodneſs, that the bold Poets daring Fancy cou'd never form a ſweeter.

Clar. There's for you Mr. *VVillmot*, when will you ſpeak ſuch a Speech in Praiſe of your Miſtreſs?

VVillm. O Madam, I'm yet but a beginner, in time you may have me come to this and a great deal more, make Songs upon you ſhortly; nay, perhaps a Play or two, where you may expect to find your ſelf an Empreſs at leaſt.

Clar. You can promiſe well I know; but you Men in matters of Love, are like humourſome Children, who cry for this or that Gewgaw for the preſent, but are ſcarce acquainted with it, before 'tis diſcarded, and then your Fancies are wholly bent on ſomething elſe: don't I know you have the Name of the greateſt Wanton in Town; don't all the World talk loudly of your Virtues?

VVillm. Why, faith, Madam, I confeſs ſome People have been too buſie with my Reputation; but you know they who dare believe what the World ſays, dare be mad; 'tis never in the right.

Clar. Well then, to diſprove it, do but ſatisfie me, you can keep honeſt for one whole week together; I mean, ſo far as to conceal your Wanderings; do but be private in your ſins, and I'll believe you.

VVillm. A week, Madam, ay, if there were as many days in it as there are in a whole year.

Clar. But if I find you falſe——

VVillm. Let all the School-boys in Town piſs upon me.

Ld. *Good.* A deſperate undertaking, Mr. *VVillmot*; ſhe'll have a cloſe Eye upon you.

VVillm. I dare her worſt my Lord; phoo, I can live without eating ſo long as that upon occaſion, and the Devil's in't, if I can't do t'other thing as well.

Clar. Both alike I believe.

VVillm. The event will convince you.

Enter Bellfond.

Ld. *Good.* Mr. *Bellfont*, welcom; we want Sir *Simon* yet.

Belf. No, my Lord, he is below with ſeveral other Gentlemen, that are come to pay their reſpects to your Lordſhip's Birth-day.

Ld. *Good.* The more the merrier, come Gallants let to Dinner; I'll there ſhow you, what 'tis has made me count ſo many years, and teach you to like till you are all as old as I am.

Omnes

Omnes. We wait upon your Lordship. [*Exeunt omnes, præter* Marina.

Mar. What's this I feel thus rising in my Breast? Have I room there for any thing but Love? From whence then this new Guest? Is't Jealousie? jealous of whom? And why must I repine at his just Praises of anothers Beauty, since 'tis a Debt that's due to her deservings? But then he loves her, and is again belov'd; and all my Virgin-hopes must lye forever bury'd in despair.

Enter Fairly.

But see he's return'd; does then his Love, like mine, drive him to Solitudes? O tho' I esteem his presence dearer than these two Eyes with which I view him, yet I'll withdraw and hide my shame; for surely let me do what I can, my Tongue will prove a Traitor.

Fair. Peace to your Meditations, Madam; they must certainly be extraordinary that cou'd entertain you thus alone.

Mar. Indeed, Sir, they were very melancholy; for I was thinking of an unhappy Maid deceiv'd in her first Love.

Fair. Unhappy indeed; for no disappointments are so heavy as those of Lovers: But who was he that cou'd deceive her?

Mar. One whom I may still allow blameless, because ignorant of her Passion; and therefore now Servant to another Lady, who, for ought I know, is preferable to my Friend in nothing but the possession of his Love.

Fair. And does she then admit of his Addresses?

Mar. There, Sir, indeed, you puzzle me; tho' I must confess he is so deserving, so full of Worth, that to think otherwise, wou'd be to think her most ingrateful: Too true, I fear for my Friend's Quiet, she does esteem him, who's therefore left to all the Miseries of a despairing Lover.

Fair. You speak a noble pity of her Sufferings; and I cou'd almost wish my self wretched like her, to be thus pity'd by you: What say you, Madam; suppose you shou'd behold me in all the Torments of an hopeless Love, cou'd you let fall one sigh in pity of my Fate?

Mar. Believe me, Sir, so much I see in her the Miseries of unhappy Love, tho' you yourself were him whom I shou'd hate, the Cause of her Misfortunes; yet wou'd I bear more than a Stranger's share in all your Sufferings, and ne'er be wanting in my best Wishes for your Happiness.

Fair. I'm sure without 'em I shou'd never find it: but dare you rise no higher than to unprofitable Wishes for me? Do but look kindly on me, and I'll venture to ask for something more; Love, noble Love, to that I wou'd aspire, if all the Services my Youth can pay are able to deserve it; nay, do not frown, nor turn in anger from me: Indeed 'tis just you shou'd; for what have I can make me hope to merit such a Treasure? And yet Ambition never was thought a Crime in Love: Why was you made thus excellently fair, if Men must not admire you? A Paradise, where all the Sweets of Nature forever flourish, and each ravish'd Sense sits at an everlasting Feast; where no rude blasts of Lusts or Pride dare blow, but Innocence and Truth, sweet as the Arabian Winds, protect your Beauties.

Mar. aside.] O why must my deceitful Tongue condemn those very words, which to my ravish'd Ears, strike far more sweet than Musick?

Fair. Had I the Eloquence of all Men in me, or cou'd in ſofteſt numbers court the Vertues, my buſie Tongue ſhou'd dwell upon your Praiſes, till time it ſelf ſtood ſtill, and weary Nature ſunk down into Eternity; but as I am, I ne'er muſt hope to find Words equal to my Thoughts, or fit to bear the Meſſage of my Mind.

Mar. Believe me, Sir, this is not noble in you to play thus with my weakneſs, and wound my Ears with the ſmooth Flatteries of your cunning Sex; therefore forgive me if I dare hear no more.

Fair. O ſtay one moment; for by juſt Heav'n I ſwear, if Heav'n that will ſtrike dumb a perjur'd Tongue, I never did conceive one guilty Thought to wrong your Goodneſs: Cou'd you but look into my Breaſt, you there wou'd find Fire ſo chaſt, ſo holy, that *Hymen*'s Lamp can ne'er boaſt a purer: 'Tis true, your Love as yet I dare not hope for, till by my Services I have convinc'd you; yet give me leave to hope I may be happy.

Mar. aſide.] I ſhou'd not grant; and yet I can't deny: Fantaſtick Honour, thou Enemy to Love, and Feaver of the Soul! Happy are they that want thee; whoſe Wills walk free, not fetter'd by a Tyrant, that bears a ſtubborn ſway o'er every Paſſion. Inſtruct me Love, and ſit upon my Tongue, that I may not deny or give too much. Sir, I muſt hear no more; your Words already have dy'd my Cheeks with Bluſhes: In them you'll find an Anſwer, better than what my Tongue can form. You've leave to hope for all that I dare give, or you can ask: I know I've ſaid too much; but do not tax my Weakneſs.

Fair. No, may your Hatred be equal to my Love, and my Deſpair exceed 'em both, if the cold Hermit, who ſpends his tedious hours in holy Duties, has purer Thoughts of Heav'n than I of you: Heav'n's faireſt Model, on this I print my Vows, the Emblem of my Love: O, I cou'd talk forever! Each part about you is ſuch a perfect Beauty, that it gives ev'ry thing a Tongue to ſing its Praiſes.

Enter Betty.

Betty. Madam, Dinner ſtays for your Ladyſhip.

Mar. It ſhall not long: Come, Sir, this fancy'd Love will loſe it ſelf in a full Glaſs or two of ſparkling Wine.

Fair. No, Madam, never; that can feed on nothing
But your full Beauties: I'm your happy Gueſt;
And Love invites me to the nobleſt Feaſt. [*Exeunt* Fair. *and* Mar. *Manet* Bet.

Betty. So I ſee, for all my Lady's reſervedneſs, Mr. *Fairly* will find an eaſie Conqueſt: He's a true Soldier, I warrant him; he attacks with Vigor and Reſolution: I hate thoſe puny Lovers, that make a great Noiſe and to no purpoſe; they are all Powder, and no Shot: But who have we here? No new Gueſt ſurely.

Enter Alice *mask'd.*

Al. Save you, gentle Damoſel; do you appertain to this Houſe?

Betty. Hey-day! gentle and appertain! Some Beggar ſurely by her Cant.

Al. If you are a retainer to this Family, I muſt ſtipulate with you for a ſmall Courteſie.

Bet. A Gypſie, by my Maidenhead! This is the very Language of the Devil, (*aſide.*) Thou'lt be burn'd for a Witch, my Life on't.

Al.

Al. And thou hang'd for a Thief, *Betty*. [*She unmasks.*

Betty. Murrain take you; Is't you! What Deeds of Darkneſs are you bound for, that you dare not ſhow your Face?

Al. Love, *Betty*; Love, the Soul of the Univerſe, and the great Buſineſs of our Creation. Here, carry this Letter to *Willmot*, and ſend *Bellfont* out hither. Nay, prithee be as private and quick as thou can'ſt. [*Exit* Betty. One wou'd think by her Conduct, my Lady did begin to be cloy'd with Mr. *Willmot*: If ſhe does not give him enough of her before Night, he has the heart of *Hercules*: But here comes *Bellfont*. Now to th'other part of my Errant. *Enter* Bellfont.

Bell. I find a Debauch over-night, is often a Friend to a good ſtomach the next day: But to the Lady; if I can gueſs what buſineſs ſhe has with me, the Devil take me.

Al. Save you, Sir.

Bell. And you too, ſweet Miſtreſs, good handſome Shapes. [*Aſide.*

Al. I'm come from a Lady——

Bell. I'm very glad of it, if her Face be but anſwerable. [*Aſide.*

Al. That's moſt deſperately in Love——

Bell. With my ſweet Perſon; and a Tongue like a Cherubim. [*Aſide.*

Al. You're quick of apprehenſion, Sir: This Lady's ill Stars have plac'd her in the hands of a moſt ſevere Guardian, that has not a ſtricter eye over her Fortune than her Perſon.

Bell. And I'm to be th'adventurous Knight that is to releaſe her: I'm glad of it; I love a Miſtreſs that brings danger with her; it heightens our Imaginations, and makes us fall to in the end with a quicker Appetite.

Al. No, Sir: Love, like hers, is able to break through brazen Gates, and adamantine Locks: She has taken the danger of the Adventure upon her ſelf; all your buſineſs is to prepare to meet her.

Bell. But where, Child? Tell me where, and take this for thy Intelligence.

Al. You know the cloſe Arbour, at the lower end of my L. *Goodland*'s Grove?

Bell. As well as my own Thoughts. My Imagination's fir'd at it: We'll fancy it one of *Venus*'s ſilent Groves, where ſhe has entertain'd her luſty Soldier: The ſpreading Oaks ſhall cover us with their Shades, whoſe trembling Leaves ſhall whiſper Tales of Love: The yielding Earth, warm'd by our cloſe Embraces, ſhall feaſt our Senſes with new knots of Flowers, which ſhall in various Colours ſpring about us, ſweet as thy Lady's Breath, and ſparkling as her Eyes: Each little Bird at ev'ry melting Kiſs, ſhall eccho it round all the conſcious Grove; and when our Souls lye drown'd in mutual Pleaſures, great *Jove* himſelf ſhall gently ſmile upon us.

Al. 'Pray', Sir, preſerve your Raptures for a better occaſion.

Bell. Well admoniſh'd: But prithee, my dear Angel, what time will this Goddeſs appear?

Al. At Three, Sir, this Afternoon moſt exactly; perhaps ſhe may ſeem a little coy at firſt, to ſhow ſhe's a true Woman; but, Sir, you muſt put it home to her; you know ſhe does not come there for nothing.

Bell. And, 'faith, that's well remembred: but no more, I think I hear Company.

Al. Be true and ſecret.

Bell. As true as Light, and ſecret as Darkneſs. [*Exit* Alice. So, now if I had *Willmot*'s Vow of Chaſtity upon me, what a fine condition were I in! But hold, here he comes; his Advice will be very neceſſary at preſent; for to ſpeak the Truth, I have ſome ſcruples upon my Conſcience.

Enter Willmot.

Willm. How now, *Harry*; What, turn'd Flincher! How ſullen thou look'ſt! Thou haſt not got *Fairly*'s Diſtemper upon thee, I hope; haſt thou?

Bell. No, 'Faith; and yet my Thoughts are at preſent upon a Woman.

Willm. Woman, Woman! Nothing but dear damn'd; bewitching Woman! How heavily wou'd our Hours move without 'em? The Glaſs it ſelf wou'd be both dull and needleſs, did it not raiſe our Spirits up to Love: But, prithee, what Woman is this?

Bell. I don't know. *Willm.* What's her Name? *Bell.* Why, 'Faith, nor that neither. *Willm.* Where lives ſhe? *Bell.* If I can tell, the Devil take me

Willm. Is ſhe handſome or ugly?

Bell. I wiſh I knew; for in ſhort, I never ſaw her in my Life.

Willm. Hey-day! Where the Devil haſt thou been! Of all the comtemplative Lovers I e'er ſaw, thou art abſolutely the moſt abſurd. 'Plague upon thee for keeping me ſo long about a Caſtle in the Air, that's here and there, and no where. Farewell, and pray Heaven to ſet thee in thy right Wits again; for at preſent I have but ſmall hopes of thee.

Bell. Nay, prithee be not ſo haſty: Thou muſt know, *Frank*, that this very moment did I receive a Summons from an unknown Lady, to meet her at a certain Place upon a very pleaſant Account. Now do I want thy Advice in this Matter: for to ſpeak the Truth, for ought I know, this may be ſome ill-natur'd Devil, that has a Mind to betray me, and then prey upon my weakneſs.

Wilm. Who was her Implement?

Bell. One that made no very ordinary appearance; only ſhe was mask'd, and that heightens my Apprehenſions.

Willm. Thou'rt a Fool: What Deſign can a Woman have but Love? Go, if thou'rt a Man.

Bell. Well, th'Devil himſelf can't promote Fornication more vigorouſly than thou do'ſt: But where art thou bound in ſuch haſte? To no Woman I hope?

Willm. Yes, 'Faith, *Harry*, I've a deal of Buſineſs upon my hands; two Bills to be anſwer'd before Night.

Bell. Why art thou mad! Doſt thou remember thy Obligations to *Clarinda*!

Willm. Ay, and the Clauſe in it too: If I cou'd be private, it was to be of no force; and that Whore-Maſter that has not the Art of Secreſie, deſerves to be caſtrated. *Bellf.* Well, thou'lt ne'er leave.

Willm. Away, reſerve thy Speeches for thy *Lady*; preach Abſtinence to her, and try if ſhe'll hearken to thee. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE, *changes to my Lady* Barter's *Lodgings.*

Enter Lady Barter, *and* Alice.

Ldy. *Bar.* THou'rt a truſty Wench: But art thou ſure 'twas to be this Afternoon?

Al. Madam, I heard 'em this very Morning with my own Ears.

Ldy. *Bar.* But if *Bellfont* ſhou'd know *Flavia* now? *Al.*

Al. He has been here but twice ſince ſhe came to Town; and I'm ſure ſhe 'ſcap'd his Eyes both times.

Lady *Bar.* Well, if I can have the grace to deny him, I know he'll be for falling to't moſt eagerly.

Al. Truly, Madam, if it were my Caſe, a kiſs or two wou'd reconcile all.

Lady *Bar.* Thou art a Fool, Wench, there is a time for all things; this hour for my revenge; there are enough in ſtore for Love: O here he comes.

Enter Willmot *Singing.* { *And juſt as our Bliſs began with a Kiſs,*
He was daſh'd with an ha, ha, ha——— How doſt thou, my dear Damnation?

Lady *Bar.* Oh, ſick, Mr. *Willmot*; abominably ſick.

Willm. And I was ſent for to preſcribe a Remedy; I have that will give you eaſe immediately: Nothing but a languiſhing fit of Love, occaſion'd by too much faſting: Come, come, I have a Sovereign Remedy; by this, and this, I have.

Lady *Bar.* Out upon you, you make me worſe; Inconſtancy has tainted every thing about you; thoſe kiſſes are not mine; I feel your Lips ſtill glowing with a falſe Adulterate heat; another Goddeſs now claims all your Heart, and you are grown an Heretick in Love.

VVill. Meer Enthuſiaſm this; the very Devil of Jealouſie; and I'll lay it immediately, if thou'lt but come aſide a little.

Lady *Bar.* Hold, hold, you are ſo fiery on a ſuddain; how will you be able to anſwer this to my Rival? Remember your Promiſe this morning; for ſhame, no Grace in you? But, cou'd I think that you, who have been pamper'd thus long with the dainties of the Town, cou'd take up at laſt with a fulſome Country Barn-door Fowl; a thing, that's come up on purpoſe to offer ſome ignorant Fool or other the leavings of the luſty Coach-man and Butler.

VVillm. A pretty buſineſs this is like to be; whilſt I'm mollifying my old Miſtreſs, I ſhall loſe my Aſſignation with my new one. (*Aſide*) Why how angry you are at a piece of Innocent Courtſhip; can you think my Tongue Heart went together? A meer ragged Colt; ſo wild and skittiſh———

Lady *Bar.* That, none but ſuch a brisk young Fellow as your ſelf, is able to tame her; I dare ſwear, no Man in *England* labours more induſtriouſly in his Generation, than you do.

VVill. Were ever the precious minutes of Love ſo unaccountably loſt? Mrs. *Alice*, your Company will be diſpenc'd with, for the preſent; Madam, give the word: Come, come, thoſe Eyes are kind, tho' your Tongue has play'd the Tyrant.

Lady *Bar.* Well, I ſee you are irreſiſtible; *Alice*, you may retire; but let us firſt have Mr. *VVillmot*'s judgment of the Song I was ſo pleas'd with laſt night.

VVill. Madam, I know 'tis excellent.

Lady *Bar.* What, before you have heard it?

VVillm. You have, that's enough: for God's ſake, Madam, Sir *Siman* may come home in the ſame time; and then, how ſhall we be anſwerable to our own Conſciences, for the happy hours we have kiſs'd away.

Lady *Bar.* No, no; my Lord and he don't uſually part ſo ſoon. (Willmot *aſide*) Alas, poor *Flavia*!

A SONG. in the Second Act, sung by Mrs. *Knight.*

I.

O How you Protest, and solemnly Lye,
Look humble, and fawn like an Ass!
I'm pleas'd I must own, whenever I see
A Lover that's brought to this pass.
But keep farther off, y'are naughty I fear;
I vow I will never yield to't:
You ask me in vain, for never I swear,
I never, no never will do't.

II.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go;
No more of the Lover remains.
In haste you depart, what e're we can do,
And stubbornly throw off your Chains:
Desist then in time, let's hear on't no more;
I vow I will never yield to't:
You promise, in vain you adore;
I never, no never will do't.

Lady *Bar.* Well, Sir, how do you approve of it?

VVillm. Extreamly well, Madam; only 'twas something too long.

Lady *Bar.* She has another that's shorter; will you hear that?

VVillm. No; if I do, may my Ears sprout out, till they are as long as an Ass's.

Sir Simon *without.*] Lady *Barter*, Lady *Barter*; where are you, Honey?

Lady *Bar.* O Heavens! I hear Sir *Simon*'s Voice; if he catches you, we are ruin'd: What will you do?

VVillm. Do, Madam; what shall I do? 'Gad, I don't know what to do.

Lady *Bar.* There is but one way. *Alice*, go meet him, and detain him a little: Here, into this Closet, 'till he is gone; I know he won't stay long; an hour will be the most.

VVill. (*Aside*) An hour! That's an whole Age with me at present, if I durst tell her as much. I can't have patience, Madam; let me fight my way out.

Lady *Bar.* Ha! By no means; in there, if you love me.

VVillm. But, good Madam, dispatch him as soon as you can, that I may make haste and follow him: Was ever Cuckold so impertinent? (*Aside.*)

Lady *Bar.* Leave me to deal with him. [*She locks him into her Closet.*

Enter Sir Simon, Alice, *and* Lawrence.

Sir Sim. *entering*] Hussie, hold your Tongue; what care I, if my Lord Mayor had sent to me; he is no Peer of the Realm, I hope: where's my Wife?

Lady *Bar.* Here, Sir *Simon*, who has anger'd you, my Dear?

Sir *Sim.* No body, Honey; but honest *Lawrence* has brought me some Money, that's better: Now Lady mine, I'll give you leave to recover your last Wager, when you dare venture.

Lady *Bar.* Wager, Sir! I'll venture what you dare, that *Lawrence* has not kiss'd one Wench, since he has been in the Countrey.

Sir *Sim.*

Sir *Sim.* In troth, thou art the merrieſt Thief always: but I'm ſure thou wou'dſt loſe; and therefore I won't lay.

Law. Indeed, but by your Worſhip's favour, ſhe ſhou'd not: I am too old for 'em; the Gypſies hate me worſe than hard labour; and to ſpeak the truth, I ſhan't ſue to them for a favour.

Sir *Sim.* Ah! Wou'd all the young Men were of thy mind; but, come, Madam, can you think of nothing elſe to loſe upon?

Lady *Bar.* I have another thing in my head; but it's ſo extravagant, you'll laugh at it.

Sir *Sim.* Out with it, if you dare, I'm for any humour at preſent.

Lady *Bar.* Well; then my laſt Locket of Diamonds to an equal Stake, you don't remember every thing belonging to an Houſe that's made of Iron? To help your Memory, you may write down all you can think on in my Table-Book; when you have done, return it me again, and in half an hours time; I'll either yield, or prove that you've loſt.

Sir *Sim.* Laugh, quothe; ay, till my ſides crack: but I'll reſerve my Mirth, till I have won the Wager.

Lady *Bar.* Have a care Sir; don't be too ſecure: there, begin when you pleaſe. *Alice*, what does *Willmot* think of this now?

Al. Think, Madam? Were I in his Caſe, I ſhou'd cry my Eyes out for meer anger.

Lady *Bar.* Let him: before I have done, I'll ſo mortifie him, that were he in *Flavia's* Arms, he ſhou'd be as cold as a thing of fourſcore and ten.

Al. But ſee, Madam, how buſie my Maſter is; what can be your Ladyſhips meaning in this Wager?

Lady *Bar.* Any thing to detain my Husband; beſides, that firſt offer'd it ſelf; and if Sir *Simon's* Memory does not ſtrike too home, I have laid the foundations of another Scene that will be very diverting. Come, Sir, have you done?

Sir *Sim.* Done! Ay, and won too; the Inventory of a Smith's Shop, can't be more particular: Here, peruſe it, and by that time I return from my Lords, own that you have loſt.

Lady *Bar.* Be but a little patient, and this moment may decide it; who have you left there?

Sir *Sim.* A Company of honeſt Fellows, only they want Titles.

Lady *Bar.* Did *Willmot* dine with you?

Sir *Sim.* Always enquiring after that Mount-Dragon; yes, he Din'd there, but hardly ſtay'd till the Grace-Cup; a wicked Fellow that ſame: *Lawrence*, I warrant, we have more Cuckolds in our City of his making, than Knights of the Kings; the Devil and he are ſharers in our Wives, one is contened with their Bodies, and t'other takes care of their Souls.

Lady *Bar.* Take heed, Sir, he may chance to hear you; for to ſpeak the truth, we have been together ever ſince Dinner; he's at this very preſent in the Houſe.

Sir *Sim.* Is he ſo, *Jezebel*? I'll have him hang'd then, for breaking into it; he'll give us a fine account at *Tyburn* of Whoring, and Sabbath breaking: Gadsbud, I ſmell him already; *Lawrence* thou muſt help me: Come come, tell me, where is he?

Lady *Bar.*

Lady *Bar.* Don't be in a fury then: you muſt know, that after I had Din'd, not expecting you home till night, and being unwilling to ſet alone, I ſent for him.

Sir *Sim.* A fine Woman's Companion he is, indeed!

Lady *Bar.* He came as I cou'd wiſh.

Sir *Sim.* Ay, Hell take him for it.

Lady *Bar.* And to be ſincere, I found his Converſation ſo pleaſant and charming, that I believe, had not you come in, we had not parted till Mid-night.

Sir *Sim.* Nor till to morrow Mid-night neither, nor this Month; theſe twelve Months; No, nor till the Moon dropt Mill-ſtones: 'Sbud, had he been a Lord, I cou'd have born it; there is ſome Honour in being a Nobleman's Cuckold: But tell me where he is, 'Gad I'll ſlice him into ten thouſand pieces, and every Cuckold in *London*, ſhall have a bit as long as he'll hold out.

Lady *Bar.* Why, dear Sir *Simon*———

Sir *Sim.* Stand off, Adult'reſs; thou ſmell'ſt rank of Harlot; I ſee my Horns plainly in thy Eyes: diſcover your Monſter, or I'll pluck 'em out; they ſhall light no more lewd ſinners to the deeds of darkneſs.

Lady *Bar.* Well then, ſince you won't be pacify'd, he's in my Cloſet.

Sir *Sim.* Is he ſo? I'll fetch him out I'll warrant him. *Alice*, fetch down my great Sword; how now, what have you lock't him up? The Key, the Key?

Lady *Bar.* Nay, good my Dear, the Wager?

Sir *Sim.* Prithee hold thy Tongue, I've loſt already what I ſhall never recover. A Cuckold! A Cut-purſe! 'Zounds, I ſhall be ſport for Porters within theſe two days; if ſhe does not laugh at me, may I be a Chronicl'd Wittol.

Lady *Bar.* Laugh! Who that ſees how credulous your jealouſie is, can forbear? There, Sir, reviſe your Catalogue, and ſee if you can find a Key mention'd in it; a Key's made of Iron, Sir.

Sir *Sim.* Maſs, and ſhe's in the right; I begin to cool again; no, no ſuch thing: where's my Brains?

Lady *Bar.* Do you think, if I had been ſo impudent as to tranſgreſs, I ſhou'd have wanted cunning to conceal it? No, I perceiv'd I had won, and made uſe of this trick to let you know it: you may take the Key; but if you find any thing there, beſides the *Practice of Piety*, *Dod* upon the Commandments, and two or three *Novels*, I'll be Carted for a Strumpet.

Sir *Sim.* Take it! No, *I* won't wrong thy Innocence ſo much, as to miſtruſt it; a merry Thief, *Lawrence*; *I* wou'd not for twice the worth of the Wager, but have loſt; here Huſſie, take it, all pure Gold; take it *I* ſay, and treat *VVillmot* with it: Ha, ha, ha! I'm ſo pleas'd every foot ſhe is frighting me thus. Sirrah, Sirrah, I'll pay you for this at night; the merry'ſt Jeſt, they ſhall certainly have it at my Lord's; one kiſs, and then farewel. Come, *Lawrence*, you ſhall go with me, perhaps we may meet your Maſter Sir *Arthur* there. Allons, a Cuckold; ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*

Lady *Bar.* So; now *Alice*, I believe you may releaſe your Priſoner; nay, come Sir, what, afraid of your Miſtreſs?

Enter Willmot.

VVillm. Something apprehenſive of your Wit, Madam: now han't I the Heart to be angry with thee.

Lady *Bar.*

Ly. B. What think you Sir of being cut out into Slices, wou'd your body hold out think you, that every Cuckold might have a bit.?

Wilm. It wou'd be hard to satisfy the Husbands I believe, but the Wives and I might agree upon easier terms.

Ly. B. Likely enough, nay come, here's no danger now, *Alice* fetch us some Wine, and a dish of sweet-meats, here's enough to pay for all, Sir *Simon* left it on purpose.

Wilm. The Devil's in her I think, I shall never get rid of her.

Ly. B. Lord what's the matter with you? You was eager enough before, who Squanders away the precious Minutes of love now? *Alice*, you may retire if you please, but before lock the door after you.

Wilm. Her kindness comes like a Miser's charity, when 'tis too late with a pox; what a delicious Morsel am I like to loose? Faith, my dear, I'm sorry I can stay no longer, but business ——

Ly. B. Business? What quit your pleasure for business?

Wilm. Not absolutely quit child, but defer a little, that's all.

Ly. B. Nay but opportunity——

Wilm. We shall have enough, farewel.

Ly. B. Pray stay a little, you are going to another Mistress now *Wilmot*.

Wilm. Trust me I am not, I must be uncivil this time. [*Exit* Wilmot.

Ly. B. And us'd accordingly the next; how wou'd some Women storm now to be like me forsaken?

But since our Sighs and Tears are spent in vain,
Neglected as I am, I'le ne'er complain. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Grove.

The Scene draws and discovers Belfont *and* Flavia,

Belf. NAY come, no more excuses Madam, they are both vain and useless; or serve at most but to blow up the fire you'd quench. This hand that's softer far than Down or Roses, this yielding hand which could press for ever, declares you free and open in your Nature; Why then do you decline what you were made for, did you come here for this? Are these the Joys to which you did invite me? Did you for this deceive the care of your too watchful Guardians? You shou'd have left your foolish fears behind you, those fears that wrong you more than *Argos* cou'd, with all his hundred Eyes set to observe ; nay if you are so peevish ——

Fla. Sir, as you are a Man, and bear that Name——

Belf. Come come you have fool'd too long.

Fla. Good Sir be kinder to me.

Belf. Kinder than Lovers hearts can wiſh, but your own peeviſhneſs that has out-done the loſs of twenty Maiden-heads, ſtill croſſes all my endeavours, wou'd you be forc'd then Lady? It ſhall be ſo.

Fla. Dear Sir, low as the earth I bow me to you, for pittys ſake dare you think there's an Heaven and be thus cruel?

Belf. Hell and the Devil! This is beyond all madneſs, good fearful Lady, can you be thus forgetful? This Afternooon you dar'd me to this place, this happy place, that ſeems to court us to our own deſires, then, then your modeſty wou'd have become you, now 'tis meer Vanity and Affectation.

Fla. Believe me Sir, by all that's Good and Virtuous, I ne'er ſent to you.

Belf. That's very ſtrange, but how then came you hither? Was it to gather Flowers or view your Beauties in yon' curling Stream, the time, the place, convincing proofs perſwade me I am right.

Fla. By Heaven and all the Heavens Saints——— but as you are a Man inquire no farther, don't urge a Secret from me, that concerns my Honour.

Belf. Now do I want a little of *Wilmot*'s impudence, to ſay the truth, I ſhall give but a lowzy account of this buſineſs to him, and yet I dare not, this muſt be more than counterfeit, confound the Devil that ſent me hither, pride and the Pox ſtill ſtick upon her, by Heaven ſhe weeps, there's ſomething more in this which I muſt know: Nay Lady dry thoſe tears, they ſpeak my ſhame that caus'd 'em; let your fears vaniſh with all my unchaſt thoughts, which thus I throw for ever from me, yet give me leave to think, though I am not the Man, you came to meet ſome other, that wou'd have prov'd more welcome; nay bluſh not Lady, for I'll ne'er betray you, my tongue ſhall rot firſt.

Fla. Let my tears thank you Sir, you ſpeak a Nobleneſs that wants a name, and whate'er I can ſay will be too little; 'tis true I came to meet a Man, falſe and ungrateful, whoſe name Poſterity will never find, but in the examples of a broken love, he has deceiv'd me, and I'll learn to hate him more than I ever lov'd him.

Belf Dull ſenſeleſs Fool, to wrong ſuch excellence and loſe a Treaſure *Jove* himſelf would ſue for, I'm all o'fire again, to look upon her and not wiſh to enjoy her, is more than Man can do; and cou'd you Madam, be thus wondrous kind to one whoſe worth can never claim one favour from you, and yet be ſo ſevere, ſo cruel to me, who cannot live but in your Love, look on me Lady, I can do as much in a fair Ladies ſervice, as the moſt large pretenders, and be a conſtant ſervant to your pleaſures.

Fla. Be Virtuous too, and I ſhall truly love you, thoſe happy Saints who in the age behind us, made up bright Stories for the times that follow, ſhall not be more eſteem'd, more honour'd by me.

Belf. Very fine this, and I ſhall be a Saint, a good dull Saint, but ſuch a Love will become us when we are old and honeſt; mean time let's court thoſe Joys our youth is fond of, and loſe our ſelves in pleaſures where age ſha'nt find us; nay prithee come, why ſhou'd you be thus peeviſh? Conſider what you are.

Fla. Conſider what you'd make me, this hour I grant I ſeem handſom to you, what ſhall I be the next? When I have melted all my Virgin Charms in the hot fire of Luſt, the Plague it ſelf will not be half ſo odious:

Belf. Nay fie no more; indeed you make me ſmile to ſee how prettily this fear becomes you; to me you ſhall be very fair as an Angel.

Fla. To you I may be so, but to to the eye of Justice deform'd and crooked.

Belf. Was ever Woman so perverse before? What Eye can see? What Tongue inform against us? Who is there that can know it?

Fla. Our Consciences they are Witnesses, no art can silence, no power restrain when once provokt, they'l strike far louder than the tongue of envy; consider Sir a thousand Women may be had, ten thousand, and thank you too; Women who daily live in the full pride of Lust, and have out-run the Vices of all ages; why therefore shou'd you seek out my undoing? I never wrong'd or heard one thought against you, be juster Sir, be more a Man and show how Nobly you dare stand.

Belf. If I but listen a little longer, she'll e'en perswade me I'm an Eunuch, and yet 'tis heaven to hear her speak.

Fla. 'Tis true indeed I came to meet a Lover, but not with one loose wanton thought about me; that Love which neither Fame nor Virtue shuns was never thought unchast, but you false Men, whose oaths are lighter than the Air receives 'em, have thrown it out of fashion; Why did I hope to find him Honest, who never knew what Faith or Honour meant.

Belf. Ha! I begin to smell something, this must be one of *Wilmots* Adventurers, he said indeed he had a couple to embark in, the Rogue has sprung a leak in the first, and so is disabl'd for any second service; your anger Madam does become you, for he who cou'd be false to so much worth, can ne'er be over wretched, give me his name, that for your sake, I may both scorn and hate him.

Fla. When I have nam'd him, I have mention'd all that's lewd and treacherous, *Wilmot*, a name all modest Tongues must curse.

Belf. Ay 'tis so, none but that pamper'd Brute cou'd neglect such a delicate dish; I know him Madam, know him such a Gamester, such an high Flighter, he'd have shown no pity, why dar'd you trust your self and all your fears to such a Termagant?

Fla. A steady Virtu's ne'er without a guard, he woo'd me oft to his unjust desires, but in such soft, such winning terms, that tho' I scorn'd to be his Whore, I wou'd have been the lawful partner of his Bed before the Sovereign Empress of the Universe, I heard of his Address to another, even then when he was courting me to all that's wicked, I fear'd to loose him, tho' in all appearance I ne'er cou'd hope to enjoy him lawfully, my fortune in the eye o'th' World, being much below his hopes, and therefore chose this way to let him know, that neither in Blood or Wealth I came behind my Rival; 'tis true I knew him bold and desperate, and cou'd not be too cautious of my Honour, which this shou'd have secured, had he once dar'd to offer violence; now Sir, if you e'er knew the the worth of Honour, or felt the fury of malicious Tongues, for once be more than Man and hide my shame.

Belf. Believe me Madam, so much my Tongue shall be from wronging what next Heaven I love, such goodness, that my own life shall not be dearer to me; who 'twas that sent me hither I can't conceive, but from my heart I thank 'em; I've found a Jewel equal to a Kingdom, and give me leave to wear you in my Soul, before the Seat of lust, but now enlighten'd with the bright beams of so much God-like Virtue, that Faith and Love ne'er found a seat more noble; here let me seat my Vows, the sincere vows of a new Convert.

Whil'ſt Belfont *is kiſſing her hand,* Wilmot *enters.*

Wilm. It muſt be on this ſide, I'm ſure: I was deviliſhly afraid of being ſnapt up, for I hear they are all in the Garden; I'm glad I eſcap'd ſo well as I did but now; had my Lady's ſtomach been ſo coming as mine, I ſhou'd not have kept touch here, and to balk her in the firſt Encounter would not be much to my Credit, as I take it. Ha! what's this I ſee? another leapt into my Saddle? are all my expectations come to this? How like a couple of wanton young Worms they look, that are lewdly clung together in a dewy Morning? But this ſhall untwiſt 'em. [*He draws his Sword, and runs up at* Belf.

Fl. Ah, hah, hah!

Wilm. Belfont!

Belf. Wilmot!

Wilm. How the Devil cam'ſt thou here? Is this the Lady gave thee ſuch a kind Invitation? Falſe *Flavia.*

Fl. Ingrateful *Wilmot.*

Belf. Plague o' your hot head, what have you done, allarm'd the whole houſe?

Wilm. Pox o' your hot blood, what have you done, layn with my Miſtriſs?

Belf. Hold your rude tongue, or this ſhall ſilence it: Had thy Mother been half ſo honeſt, ſhe had been a Saint e're now.

Fl. Thou art a Beaſt ſo much below my Anger, that I ſhall laugh at all thy impious tongue dares brand me with.

Belf. For God's ſake, Madam, think timely what to do; I hear 'em coming, and if they find you here, thô you are pure as Heaven, they'l think you black as Hell.

Fl. I'll retire, Sir, and truſt my honour to your Conduct; a back door here behind leads into my Aunt's Garden. [*Exit* Flavia.

Wilm. A fine day's work this, two hopeful Intreagues come to nothing; and what's worſe, *Clarinda* will find me falſe, and be a very Tyrant: Owns, had I but taſted the Fruit, 'twou'd never vex me, but to have my teeth ſet on edge at the very ſight on't does a little trouble me. Prithee *Harry*, did'ſt thou find her eaſie? Thou art much oblig'd to the advice my Coxcomb gave thee to day.

Belf. For ſhame, have better Thoughts in thee; Truth it ſelf is not ſtreighter.

Wilm. That's likely: What did ſhe come here for then?

Belf. That's a myſtery thou ſhalt be hereafter acquainted with; but who ſent me hither, unleſs 'twas the Devil himſelf, I can't imagine.

Wilm. One that will be a Devil in time, I believe; my Lady *Barter*, by this light it cou'd be no other.

Belf. What, then I ſuppoſe ſhe has been retaining your perſon in her Service the mean while.

Wilm. Ay, a Vengeance take her, ſhe has ſo; but ſuch another Adventure wou'd make me abjure the Fleſh more heartily than ever I follow'd it, and turn down right honeſt again.

Belf. It will become your Prudence.

Wilm.

Wilm. Such damn'd Devices, *Harry*: but prethee how do I look?

Belf. Something Creſt-fallen: But ſee, they're all coming, and my Lady *Barter* at the head of 'em, as I live.

Wilm. Confound her, now ſhall I be worri'd to death.

Enter Lady Barter, Clar. Marina, *and* Betty.

L. Bar. It muſt be this way, Ladies, we are right I'm ſure.

Wilm. aſide. Ay, the Devil take you, you are ſo; my Miſtreſſes all up in Arms againſt me, and I not one lye ready for my Defence.

L. B. Look ye Ladies, here's a Gentleman I believe, can give us a better account of the Outcry: What ſay you, Mr. *Wilmot*?

Cl. Mr. *Wilmot* here! I thought you had been at t'other end of the Town, paying ſome Money, Sir.

Wilm. Why faith, Madam, I went with that deſign; but upon the fall of Guineas the Party was in an ill humour, and would not receive it!

L. B. Unkindly done indeed; make you leave your Miſtris, and to no purpoſe: They ſhould ſtay long enough if I was you.

Wilm. As long as a peeviſh humourſome Miſtriſs that had diſappointed her Lover, and all the tenders of his Service: 'sdeath ſhe'll betray all preſently,

B. lf. Hark you, Madam, 'twas a fine Errand you ſent me on; no more diſtreſſed Damſels? I'm a Man of Honour. [*aſide to L.* Barter.

L. B. Nay, I knew I ſhould deſerve your Thanks.

Belf. Which I want words to pay.

Wilm. The Devil plot you: I hate a miſchievous Miſtriſs.

L. B And I a Cormorant Lover, that flies at all without any mercy.

Cl. But all the while, where can this Lady be? *Betty*, let's go ſeek her; for I muſt know who ſhe is. [*aſide* to Betty.

Bet. I'll follow your Ladyſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Wilm. No pity in you, Madam? You may make up all yet if you pleaſe: So ſevere a Pennance for one fault?

L. B. Do you feel it, Sir, are you ſenſible of it? This 'tis to be ſuch a covetous Gameſter, to venture ſo many Stakes at once: Is it come home to you at laſt? What, riſe hungry from a full Feaſt, meerly becauſe your mouth water'd at an idle bit in a corner.

Wilm. I confeſs my fault, and own you have been too hard for me.

L. B. Well, I ſee you are penitent, and have done.

Enter Lord Goodland, *Sir* Sim. *Sir* Arth. *and* Fairly.

Lord Goodl. O here they are. *Marina*, where's your Couſin?

Mar. On the other ſide of the Grove, my Lord.

Sir Sim. How now, Bully, what, naked amongſt the Ladies? For ſhame, for ſhame; why this Sword drawn, Man?

Wilm. To pink your Coxcomb with, if you are impertinent. 'Sdeath, theſe are come in for a Reſerve: There's nothing ſo odious to a diſappointed Whoremaſter, as a fantaſtical Cuckold. [*aſide.*

Sir Sim. Prethee why ſo paſſionate, Man? I muſt laugh at a pretty Fancy

comes

comes into my head: Thou look'ſt, methinks, like the Satyr of the Woods.

Wilm. And you like the Bull of the Mountains. Inſufferable Coxcomb. [*aſide.*

Sir Arth. Why Frank, thou art as tickliſh and intractable as a Colt.

Wilm. And you as dull and dirty as an Aſs.

Fairl. Thou art not mad, Man, art thou?

Wilm. I ſhall be preſently, if theſe Worms bite a little longer.

Belf. Prithee be more temperate.

Mar. Why, how wou'd you have a Gentleman behave himſelf, that is caught upon ſuſpicion, and, as ill luck would have it, by his own Miſtriſs.

Sir Sim. Great pity you had no Cloſet to run into: Nay, thereby hangs a Tale, and I muſt laugh——But you muſt expect your Sins to come home to you by degrees; you young Fellows that live like Mice on others Meat muſt be caught in the Trap ſometime or other.

Enter Clarinda *and* Betty.

Bet. I'm ſure it muſt be ſo, Madam.

Clar. I'll plague him for't.

Wilm. Sir *Arthur*, here's a Lady I muſt preſent you to; you'll know her when you ſee her.

Sir Arth. Death, Hell, and Damnation; I had rather ſee the Ghoſt of my Great-grandmother: Now will that ill-natur'd Dog betray all, and I ſhall be be banded about like a Tennis-ball, toſs'd in a Blanket, it may be, before I get off. [*aſide.*

Sir Sim. O, here's your Miſtriſs, *Wilmot*; ſtick to her, Man, ſhe'll teach you to be honeſt: you have a ſlippery piece to deal with, Madam, thô he may make a good Husband; for ſurely he that has ſuch a love for other mens Wives, muſt have more than an ordinary Affection for his own.

Cl. I find, Sir, the Maids can go down upon occaſion, as well as the Wives; he ſhoots at all Marks; theſe Trees cou'd have witneſſed it within theſe two hours.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My Lord, ſome Gentlemen within expect your Lordſhip.

L. Good. Very well: They are return'd. Come Sir *Simon*, t'other Glaſs; 'twill make us ſleep the ſounder. Gentlemen, one Bottle will do us no hurt.

Belf. We'll follow your Lordſhip.

L. B. Come, Mr. *Wilmot*, what think you of a Song?

Wilm. I have had Singing to day already, enough to put me out of Tune for this month.

Sir *A.* Gallants, ſhall I propoſe one made by a Gentleman here preſent, in honour of a Lady in the company?

Mar. That will be very proper indeed Sir *Arthur*; we ſhall be all oblig'd to you.

Sir *A.* Come then, *Fairly*, you know beſt how to grace your own Works.

Fair. What means the Booby?

Sir *A.* The Song you made at *Bruſſels* man: *Marina ſo pretty, ſo young and ſo witty*; you ſung it to the company when the fat Spaniſh Officer drunk three full

Rummer_s

Rummers to her nether Lip, and the tip of her left Ear.

Fair. By Heav'n! the Fool's run mad.

Mar. 'Tis what I fear'd, I find all men alke; one look's enough to blaſt our Reputations, and make us ſport for Knaves and Drunkards. (*aſide.*) I know not, Sir, in what I have encourag'd you to ſuch a baſe unworthy act as this is, muſt my unhappy Name be the Companion of all your midnight Cups and lewd Debaucheries?

Fair. But hear me Madam——

Mar. No, I have heard too much already. [*Exit.*

Fair. If thou wer'ſt not a fool, beneath my anger, I'd kick thee.

Sir *A.* I can't find what reaſon ſhe has to be angry, unleſs ſhe is jealous of her own praiſes.

Belf. Follow her man, one word or two will recover all; theſe little quarrels nouriſh Love, make it more ſtrong and laſting.

L. B. 'Tis but a ſhort Fit like Heat-drops in Summer, that vaniſh as they fall.

Fair. I'll try my fortune. [*Exit.*

Clar. Now I'm of a quite different opinion; quarrelling to beget love is like ſpending high to become rich.

Wilm. Or rather, Madam, perpetual Peace is like a conſtant Sun, it ſcorches up what it ſhou'd feed and ripen; ſome angry minutes now and then intervening, like kindly ſhowers render it brisk and lively.

Enter Alice.

Al. Madam, my Maſter's Brother has ſent for him to *Hamſtead*, but he muſt ſpeak with you before he goes.

Wilm. This is as I cou'd wiſh; dare you lye alone to Night after all this day's Villanies. (*aſide to L.* Barter.

L. B. Why, wou'd you be my Bedfellow?

Wilm. I know I don't deſerve that favour, but——

L. B. You have a Fool to deal with; Well, let me have the Serenade you ſo long promis'd, and then——

Wilm. That then has made me all on fire. [*Exit L.* Barter

Clar. But I ſhall cool you if my Wits fail me not. (*aſide*

Enter Fairly.

Sir *A.* Here comes *Fairly* again with War in his face; I wiſh I was well rid of him.

Fair. 'Tis all in vain, I may as well endeavour to ſmooth the face o'th' Sea, when the Winds riſe higheſt, as calm her anger.

Cl. Mr. *Fairly*, a word in private; truſt me, this is only a qualm of Conſcience, a fooliſh perſwaſion that her Honour is touch'd; ſhe'll ſleep it off in a Night or two.

Fair. I wiſh it were no more.

Cl. You'll find it nothing elſe, I have that in my head ſhall convince you; Sir *Arthur* ſhall do it, I'll ſet him on to Court her, the very thought of ſuch a Lover will diſarm her anger.

Fair.

Fair. Any thing, Madam, to feed my hopes; but ——

Cl. Nay, no exceptions upon Love; retire you with *Wilmot* and *Belfont*, and leave me to manage the Knight.

Fair. You shall command me; Come, *Wilmot*, Wine is the best Physick for a Love-sick heart; let us to my Lord, he'll wonder at our stay. *Belfont*, you'll follow?

Wilm. A good proposal, Madam, shall I be your Squire?

Cl. No, no good Sir, follow your Commander, I may help to lead you home if you get drunk anon.

Wilm. I shall be very loving then.

Cl. A good quality in a Drunkard. [*Ex. Wilm. Belf.* and *Fairly*

Hold, Sir *Arthur*, I have a word or two for your Ear.

Sir *Ar.* I thought as much, that treacherous Dog has discover'd all: Madam, I beg your Pardon heartily; I must be submissive. (*aside.*

Cl. For what, Sir, I know nothing you have done stands in need of it?

Sir *Ar.* That deserves it you mean, Madam; I own I was to blame, but before my Tongue shall be guilty of such another fault, I'll bite it off, and lay the bold offender at your feet.

Cl. O, is that all? No fault at all Sir *Arthur*, it may turn much to your advantage, if you are wise.

Sir *Ar.* How's this? I have heard, indeed, the best way to step into a Woman's favour was to talk bawdy to her face; but that to tell bawdy Stories of her behind her back wou'd do, I never found before.

Cl. Why, but Sir *Arthur*, so contemplative in a Ladies company?

Sir *Ar.* 'Tis so, she's fond of me already. (*aside.*) A little admiring your Ladiships good Nature, that's all.

Cl. You shall say you have reason, if you'll lend me your Ear a little.

Sir *A.* Adsbud, and my heart too.

Cl. Dare you venture any thing for a fair Lady?

Sir *A.* Dare I lye with a fair Lady?

Cl. What think you of my Cozen *Marina*?

Sir *A.* Not amiss, Madam, though there are others at present Nameless that I think her equals. Pretty Soul, how cunningly she opens, I must help her forward a little. (*aside.*

Cl. Not many, Sir: What wou'd you do to be possess'd of all her love can give?

Sir *A.* More for what somebody else can give: What an odd way she has got to try me. (*aside.*

Cl. The Fool's mad surely, I must be plainer with him: You know, Sir *Arthur*, by those words you let fall but now, you have made an everlasting breach 'twixt her and *Fairly*, if you are the man the World takes you to be, you will not lose so favourable an opportunity; Ply her in her fury, and win her to your self, her Anger and your own Merits will plead irresistible for you: 'Tis a Friend's advice, and if you are wise you'll take it.

Sir *A.* Hum: What a blunder was I like to have committed, it's not so well as I thought, and yet 'tis better than I expected too. Madam, the Counsel of the Wise must not be rejected, as such I look on yours, and will incontinently follow it.

Cl.

Cl. I ſecure you you'll ſucceed as you deſerve.

Sir *A.* Madam, I have liv'd too long to doubt it, but the rawneſs of the Evening begins to be a little dangerous, will your Ladiſhip honour me with your hand in?

Cl. I'll follow you, Sir; I have a word or two for my Maid firſt. [*Ex. S.* Ar. This will work her, or I'm miſtaken, and make her fret out that muſty humour. But now for my own buſineſs: *Betty*, haſt thou got the Cloaths ready I borrow'd yeſterday at my Lady *Courtly*'s, with the Hat and Crevat?

Bet. Yes Madam; but what your Ladyſhip deſigns to do with 'em, I can't imagine.

Cl. More than I have time to acquaint thee with at preſent: And will *Flavia* come ſay'ſt thou?

Bet. She will, Madam, and will ſtick at nothing your Ladyſhip can think of to plague Mr. *Wilmot*.

Cl. That's well; come in, and help to dreſs me, I ſhall be but a Bungler.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to the Street.

Enter Wilmot *and a Servant, with ſome Muſick.*

Wilm. Here, Gentlemen, this is the Window; ſome brisk wanton Air or other, to quicken her Imagination; and then the Song I gave you.

SONG Written by Mr. *D'Urfey.*

'Twas within a Furlong of Edinbrough *Town,*
In the roſey time of Year when the Graſs was down,
Bonny Jocky *blith and gay*
Said to Jenny, *making Hay,*
Let us ſit a little, Dear, and prattle,
'Tis a ſoultry day.
He long had courted the black brown Maid;
But Jocky *was a Wag and wou'd ne're conſent to wed:*
Which made her piſh and phoo,
And cry it ne're ſhall do;
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

II.

He told her, Marriage was grown a meer Joke,
And that none wedded now, but the Scoundrel Folk:
Yet, my Dear, thou ſhould'ſt prevail,
But I know not what I ail;
I ſhall dream of Clogs and ſilly Dogs
With Bottles at their Tails.
But I'll give thee Gloves and a Bongrace to wear,
And a pretty Filly-foal, to ride out and take the Air.

If thou ne're wilt piſh and phoo,
And cry it ne're ſhall do,
I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle to.

III.

That you'll give me Trinkets, cry'd ſhe, I believe;
But ah, what in return muſt your poor Jenny *give?*
When my Maiden Treaſure's gone,
I muſt gang to London *Town;*
And roar and rant, and patch and paint,
And kiſs for half a Crown;
Each drunken Bully oblige for pay,
And earn an hated Living an odious fulſome way.
No, no, it ne're ſhall do;
For a Wife I'll be to you.
Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot, buckle to.

Wilm. There, Sirs, let this expreſs my Thanks. [*Exeunt Muſ.*

L. Bar. in the Balcony. Who's there, Mr. *Wilmot?*

Wilm. The very ſame, my dear Temptation; be quick, if thou loveſt me.

L. B. I'll ſee if the Family is ſecure, and ſend down *Alice*, immediately. [*Ex.*

Wilm. Do ſo, and I'll thank thee when I'm got in: No new Quirks, I hope, to mortifie me. *Roger*, I have no farther Service for thee now; I am glad thou dog'dſt Sir *Arthur* ſo happily, the Diſcovery may be of uſe in time; you bid the Coachman drive home, I hope.

Rog. Yes and pleaſe your Worſhip, an hour ſince.

Enter Clarinda *in Man's Cloaths, with Muſick. They place themſelves under the Lady's Window.*

Cl. O, There he is; how like a Thief he looks! Come, begin; and if he dares touch you, be ſure roar loud enough to alarm the whole houſe.

Wilm. Ha, What's here, my Fidlers come back again? As I live, a new Covey, and a Rival; by this hand, a young ſmock-fac'd Rival. *Roger*, lend me thy Cudgel, I ſhall break their Cats guts, and ſpoil their Muſick.

[*as they are going to ſtrike up, he falls in amongſt 'em.*

1 *Muſ.* Oh, I'm ruin'd, I'm ruin'd.

Wilm. What do you do here then, you Sleep-murderers? you that are good for nothing, but to raiſe the Husbands, when honeſter Men are in private with their Wives: Take that amongſt you. [*beats 'em.*

Omnes. Murder, Murder; for God ſake help, good people, Murder.

Wilm. 'Sdeath, they'll raiſe the Family, and I ſha'nt be able to get in theſe two hours: Go, walk off, and be thankful.

Cl. Hold, Sir, turn your fury this way; here's one able to oppoſe you with a nobler Weapon than that your Cowardice has made uſe of.

Wilm. Why, who have we here, Monſieur *Lawrit*? Prithee Child, put up thy Sword; thou wilt cut thy fingers with it.

Carl.

Clar. Your Throat, Sir, rather, if you are ſo unmannerly.

Wilm. Why, thou dar'ſt not fight.

Cl. Follow, and try me.

Wilm. Prithee, conſider firſt, a ſmall ſcratch in thy Face wou'd break thy Heart; and ſhou'dſt thou ever come under the Surgeons hands, the very Smell of their Oyntments wou'd choak thee.

Cl. Come, come, Sir; this is no fit time or place to talk in: If you are the Man you wou'd be thought, ſhew it; the Moon ſhines favourably upon us, and will direct our Swords.

Wilm. Well, go on; I'll whip thee into a better humour before I have done. I'll firſt correct my Rival, and then for my Miſtreſs.

Alice *in the Balcony.* Hiſt! hiſt! Mr. *Wilmot.*

Wilm. Go forward, Sir, I have but a Word or two to exchange here, and I'll o'retake you.

Cl. This is as I cou'd wiſh. (*aſide.*) At the corner of the Street then I'll expect you. [*Exit.*

Wilm I'll be with you in a moment.

Al. What have you done, Sir? All the houſe is rais'd at the noiſe you have made: My Miſtriſs is afraid you have had ſome Quarrel.

Wilm. No, no, nothing at all, Mrs. *Alice*; by that time you have compos'd the Family again, I'll return.

Al. But you'll be long.

Wilm. Not for the World.

Al. Are you ſure there is no quarrel: My Miſtriſs heard Murder cry'd out.

Wilm. None upon my honour; only ſome drunken Footmen had a mind to alarm the Watch.

Al. Well, you'll remember.

Wilm. I'll ne're think more elſe. (*Exit* Alice.)
I begin moſt diſmally to ſuſpect I ſhall have no better fortune in the night, than I had in the day time: Thoſe little twinckling Stars are all againſt me. I wiſh this young Raſcal had been in one of his Fidler's Cafes, before he came hither; he's little enough, I'm ſure. *Roger*, thou may'ſt go home now, if thou wilt; though I have two Combats to be engag'd in, neither of 'em requires a Second. How now! nothing but Hobgoblins ſtirring this Night?

[*Exit Roger.*

Enter Clar. *in her own Cloaths, and* Flavia *in Man's.*

Cl. Be but reſolute, and it's impoſſible he ſhould know you.

Fl. But ſhou'd he draw upon me, I have a natural Averſion to a naked ſword.

Cl. O, I have that will ſecure us, I warrant him.

Wilm. By this night, this bawdy night, ill favour'd night, my own natural Miſtriſs, and another young ſmooth fac'd Sinner: How ſweet ſhe is upon him too; Hell and the Devil.

Cl. Now is our time. But cou'd you be thus wondrous kind, all I poſſeſs comes ſhort of a Reward.

Wilm. What shall I do? My young fighting Gamester must stay a little, if he has the courage he pretends, 'twill strengthen his patience.

Fl. Madam, I bear no Mercenary mind, I shall be more than paid in the possession of your love.

Wilm. Which you must never hope for, young Gentleman, whilst I wear this.

Cl. Mr. *Wilmot*! luckily met, you may do us a kindness, for this Gentleman, an old acquaintance of mine, and my self, are in great want of a Lodging for this Night; My Unkles House I dare not make use of at present, for some reasons you shall know hereafter: Can you advise us to any convenient place?

Wilm. Yes, Madam, the Round-House, the fittest place for Night-Walkers; unkind *Clarinda*.

Cl. Uncivil *Wilmot*; farewel, Sir, if you are so surly.

Wilm. Nay, but one word more; Who may this little Squire be?

Fl. She has told you, Sir, already; one that is proud of nothing so much as her friendship, the noblest friendship Love; my Title to which I wou'd not forfeit for all the World can give me.

Wilm. 'sdeath! this is a Twin Brother to my t'other Jackanapes. Very fine, Madam; and for what does your Ladiship design me? Your day Service. This is to be the feeble Animal your Husband, and I that noble Creature your Gallant. I like your choice well, you Women oftentimes deal by your Lovers as your Clothes, any thing will serve at Night, but in the day time Art it self is at a loss to please you.

Fl. This is a Language, Sir, I am not us'd to, therefore forbear, or I have that shall make you.

Wilm. With all my heart, for know, Sir, she's my Mistress, and you shall win her before you wear her: Come Sir, when you please, I'll fight on this score tho' 'twere in the Church. [*Draws.*

Fl. Now, Madam, or all will be discover'd.

Cl. Hold, Sir, you had best, you see I've got a weapon will strike as sure as yours, and I dare use it; I'll give occasion to no Midnight quarrels, to morrow—— (*Pulls out a Pistol.*

Wilm. Yes, to morrow his fears will have convey'd him far enough from my Sword.

Cl. Secure us both till then.

Wilm. Ha, but where?

Cl. In your own Lodgings.

Wilm. How am I perplex'd? If I go with these I shall miss my other Spit-fire; and what is worse, disappoint my Lady. (*aside.*

Cl. Nay, come Sir, conclude on something quickly.

Wilm. All the Devils in Hell are at work to Night to plague me. Madam, my Necessities require me abroad.

Fl. Lend us your Key then.

Wilm. Yes, Sir *Bevis*, lend you a Bed to lye with my Mistress in.

Fl. I have warn'd you of that Name, Sir, once before, but to satisfie you, I swear——

Wilm. But who shall believe you, you young treacherous Dog?

Fl. You may, Sir; we'll never do our Loves such wrong to over-run our fortunes, or taste one Joy before the Warrant of the Church has made it Lawful:

May I ne'r answer the expectations of a longing Virgin ; may she still find me weak and unable, as if Nature had design'd me for a Woman——

Wilm. The Rogue professes heartily, but I shall be never the more secure of you then, you may give me the slip before morning.

Cl. No, if I do, may my dear friend, whom equal to my life I love, after all my hopes and wishes, prove a meer Woman.

Wilm. Well, whether I will or no, I must believe you ; you know my Lodgings.

Cl. My Lady *Courtly*'s.

Wilm. This Key will open a passage by the Garden that will lead you to my Chambers ; you'll find two Beds there, if you are not affraid to lye alone.

Fl. Trust to our honesty's.

Wilm. For the present I'm in haste, if I catch you——

Fl. Leave nothing of a Man about me ; farewel Sir : (*Exit* Wilmot.) Ha, ha, ha : I protest, Madam, I was once affraid he'd have gone home with you.

Cl. No, Girl, I had secur'd him for that, his Honour was engag'd, besides his assignation with my Lady, which will end much to his satisfaction if *Betty* has done her duty.

Fl. I warrant she has, I gave her her Lesson, and she went to work very heartily.

Cl. Well, let us be moving, for when he finds he has lost his Antagonist he'll return in a fury. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wilmot.

Wilm. 'Tis as I fear'd, that young Rascal has given me the slip ; but hang him, for this Night I'll lose the thoughts of him : Now for my old Sign. (*He whistles.*

Enter Alice.

Al. In Sir, quickly, you know the Bedchamber ; my Lady will be with you in a moment.

Wilm. Here's for thee, my pretty *Iris*, I have a better Toy for thy Mrs. *Juno* ; pray Heaven she does not prove a Cloud again, and deceive me.

Al. Nay, Sir, be quick and silent as you can ; Sir *Arthur* is still abroad, and will come in this way I believe. (*Exit* Wilmot) So, when shou'd I have got so much under an honest Lady I wonder ; this Gentleman loves his Pleasures well, I believe, he always pays so heartily for them ; he's no true Knight Errant tho', he never brings his Squire with him, that shou'd be entertaining his Damsel, whilst he is civil to the Lady.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *S.* How now, Hussy, what makes you up so late ? and at the Door too ? some Roguery or other I warrant.

Al. O Heavens, my Master!

Enter L. Barter.

L. B. Well, *Alice*, is the dear man come ? Bless my Eyes ! what have we here ? My Husband come home ? (*aside.*

Sir

Sir *S.* Ay, marry is he, and 'tis well for him too, for he might have had Horns as big as the *Bull* of *Basan* else before morning: Nay, Mistress, stir one foot and this shall fetch you back. What dear Man was this? ——— But hold, the Street is no proper place for my Enquiries, I'll defer them till I am got in; follow me both. Nay, Gentlewoman, I say I'll lead the way. (*Exit Al.* Madam, What's to be done? He's in your Bed-chamber. *Sir* Simon. *L. B.* Why, I find that Devil Wit has left me at my greatest extremity.

(*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to a Bed-chamber, and Wilmot *in it.*

Wilm. I wish she'd come once, 'tis something melancholly sitting in the dark; I am as impatient as if I had never enjoy'd her, and yet *Clarinda* will not out of my thoughts; surely she can't be what she appears: O! I hear her coming. (*Enter Sir* Simon *L.* Barter) My Dear, I hope the Night, a constant friend to Lovers—— [*As Sir* Simon *enters,* Wilmot *mistaking him for the Lady runs to embrace him; the Lady shrieks out, and Sir* Simon *stares first upon* Wilmot, *and then upon his Wife.*

Wilm. By all my hopes, the nauseous Cuckold! (*aside.*

Sir *S.* Unbutton'd! and ready for the Engagement! I have jested to a fine purpose; Good Sir, never fret for the mattter, all shall be mended the next time. I own I am a Cuckold; nay, 'tis impossible I should be otherwise, for what can an Old man, with an handsom Wife, expect else: Here's one as much disappointed as your self. Well, *Alice*, is the dear Man come? O how the flesh itch'd then! And you are well acquainted with my Wives Bed-chamber: You can grope out your way in the dark, I warrant him, or any Cuckolds Chamber in *London.* O that Fornicating Nose, that smells out an hot Lady as a Dog does a proud Bitch!

Enter Alice.

Al. Now for the honour of my Function. (*aside.*) O, Sir, are you here? I have been looking all over the House for you.

Sir *S.* Have you so Mrs. Bawd, his experience needs none of your assistance, he knows his way himself you see.

Al. For Godsake, Sir, don't speak so loud, 'tis Mr. *Wilmot.*

Sir *S.* Not speak? Marry but I will, that all the Town may hear me as loud as *Bow*-Bell, if possibly, and ring a warning to all feeble Husbands, and superannuated Batchellors.

Al. Lord, Sir, you'll break the head of the best design that ever was laid, Mr. *Wilmot,* and a certain Lady in the House, will have reason to curse you.

Sir Sim. Ay, so I hope they will, e'er I have done with 'em.

Alice. Why good Sir, neither of 'em never wrong'd you.

Ly. Barter. aside.] What can her meaning be in this?

Sir *Sim.* No no, Cuckoldom is no wrong indeed, a Blessing, a very Blessing, all Cuckolds go to Heaven.

Alice. Good Sir, be patient, and don't disappoint 'em thus.

Sir *Sim.* Art not thou an impudent, unconscionable Quean? wou'd'st thou have me look on whilst he lies with my Wife? I must confess he is an able Artist,

tiſt, and might teach me the knack of pleaſing her too; but Huſſy go you to the fore-dore, bawl out Murder as loud as you can, raiſe the Conſtable and his Watch, and bring 'em hither. Sir I ſhall hamper you, and provide another ſort of lodging for you, than what you expected.

Wilm. Hold Sir *Simon*, I wear a Sword, and can right my ſelf; let her ſtir one ſtep on that deſign, and this Minute ſhall be your laſt.

Sir *Sim.* So; the right humour of an Whore-maſter, firſt lie with the Wife, and then beat the Husband.

Alice. How ſorry will you be Sir, when you find what an injury you have done my Lady; you know Mr. *Wilmot* has along time apply'd himſelf to Madam *Flavia*; 'twas with her he was caught to day in the Grove; being diſappointed there, he had a mind to try his fortune to night; I by her conſent was to let him in, I did ſo, directed him to her chamber, but fearing he might looſe himſelf in the dark, was willing to be his Guide; that made me ſo eager to get before your Worſhip, to prevent this very miſtake, which has ſo unhappily diſcompoſ'd you.

Sir *Sim.* Hum, ſhe'd never be ſo confident, if this was a lye, but what dear Man was that you enquired after, Wife? I wou'd fain know that.

Ly. B. Who ſhou'd it be but Sir *Arthur*, who is abroad at this unſeaſonable time of night, and for ought I know may have met with ſome miſchance or other, the thoughts of which wou'd not let me ſleep.

Sir *Sim.* I doubt I have been too blame, this is the appearance of truth; and huſſy, why cou'd not I know this before?

Alice. Still as I was going to ſpeak Sir, your impatience interrupted me.

Sir *Sim.* Mr. *Wilmot*, I'm ſorry for the injury I have done you, and to make you ſome amends, I wiſh you good ſucceſs; I hope you'll be too cunning for my Landlady, ſhe was vilifying honour and quality with a pox t'other day; pray do you take a little pains with her Neece, and ſtamp an honourable Title upon her.

Wilm I'll do my beſt Sir; Inſenſible Brute how eaſily they gull him. [*aſide.*

Sir *Sim.* Your pardon my dear, I'll beg in bed. where I ſhall with more eaſe obtain it,

For tho' moſt Wives in fury ſpend the day,
Approaching night bears all in miſts away;
The yielding Bed diſarms their rage, you ne'er
Shall find one Woman can be angry there. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Field.

Enter Wilmot *and* Fairly.

Fair. FAith *Frank* thou muſt pardon me, for tho' my own circumſtances will ſcarce admit of any mirth, I muſt laugh a little.

Wilm. 'Tis fit thou ſhou'd'ſt; nay I can ſcarce forbear laughing my ſelf, and yet take heed *Ned*, I may be chance to be angry, very angry, a little provocation will make me quarrel with the beſt Friend I have.

Fair. Indeed you are rightly ſerv'd; never take warning, this 'tis to live at random, learn to be honeſt o'God's name, and live as becomes a Chriſtian.

Wilm. Hold Sir, tho' I give you leave to be merry, I can't allow you to be grave upon my misfortunes, live Honeſt as becomes a Chriſtian; pox o' your morality, thou art certainly cut out for a dull Husband, and art conſequently a predeſtinated Cukold; no from henceforth I proclaim open War to the whole Sex, and am firmly reſolv'd, to Defame, Raviſh and Debauch, every thing that bears the likeneſs of Woman, thoſe that pretend to a great deal of Honour, and have but very little Beauty; I'll tickle till their Blood itches, bawk 'em my ſelf, and then turn 'em out to my Footmen; the handſom ones that wou'd be thought great Fortunes, and are catching at rich Husbands, I'll firſt promiſe Marriage to, then Whore, and afterwards hire ſome lewd Lampooner to tell the Town on't; the Wives I'll firſt lie with, and then betray 'em to their Husbands; the Virgins that are Honeſt, and are proud on't, I'll maintain to be Hypocrites, and perſwade the World that the worſt of Whores, who are not Honeſt, nor wou'd be thought ſo, have more Honour than they.

Fair. A deſperate reſolution, I confeſs, and yet the next handſom face thou ſe'ſt will make the relapſe.

Wilm. No, the Horſe-pox take me if it does, but ſtill my little Hector does not appear; I am ſorry I miſt him ſo unluckily laſt night; if he uſes his Sword no better than he does his Pen, I am like to have an eaſy Conqueſt, I have received many a Billet-doux writ in a better hand than this Challenge.

Fair. Well, if there is any miſchief done this morning, and I chance to fall into this Honourable quarrel of thine, tell *Marina* I die hers in ſpight of all her anger, which in few days wou'd have done the work of my Enemies Sword.

Wilm. Tell her a pudding, I'll tell her thou di'ſt as a Man ſhou'd, with a Curſe in thy mouth againſt the whole Sex; S'life 'tis nothing but our fear that maintains their pride and Stubbornneſs; are they not our Slaves by Nature? why then muſt we ſlaviſhly ſue to them, for what we can command, and they themſelves upon their knees wou'd offer, if we cou'd but learn to deſpiſe and neglect 'em.

Fair.

Fair. Thou talk'ſt like a loſing Gameſter; but to thy Guard, *Frank*, the Enemy approaches, now ſhow how manfully thou dar'ſt ſtand, here's one will put thee to it.

Enter Clarinda *Maſq't.*

Wilm. She has not much war in her heart I believe, She keeps her Sword in the Scabbard; good morrow pretty Miſtreſs, whither ſo early this Morning.

Cla. To gather Primroſes and Dazies for my ſweet-heart, farewel.

Wilm. Short and quick, and yet ſhe ſeems to be none of the wiſeſt, one word more Lady.

Cla. O Sir, I dare ſtay no longer, my Mother will be angry with me.

Wilm. And where does thy Mother live, ſweet-heart?

Cla. In a Glaſs-houſe, upon the top of the Iron Mountain in *Greenland.*

Wilm. And ſhe has ſent thee into *England* of an Errant, pox on her, we had Fools enough here before, but why doſt thou hide thy Face?

Cla. To keep it from the Flies forſooth.

Fair. Prithee *Frank*, let her alone, 'tis ſome *Bedlam* Fool or other.

Clar. Did you ſee my true love, pretty Gentleman? I believe you are he.

Wilm. No, the Devil take me if I am.

Cla. Was you never in love Sir?

Wilm. Never with a Fool, Child.

Cla. Why, then you muſt riſe at Midnight, turn your ſelf round three times, ſay your Prayers, waſh your Face and hands in blue Milk, and then——

Wilm. What then?

Cler. You may go to bed again.

Wilm. May I ſo, Mrs. Nimble-chaps; let us walk a little farther this way *Ned*, ſhe begins to grow troubleſome.

Cla. Heark you Sir, ſtay a little, and I'll tell you your fortune; O fy, O fy, you have not been a bed all this night.

Wilm. Ha.

Cla. If you had, you'd hid ſome Dazy roots under your pillow, hung your ſhoes out at the Window, and dreamt of me forſooth.

Wilm. Then I ſhou'd have dreamt of a Fool, forſooth.

Cla. Then I ſhou'd have told you who you'll be Marry'd to, and what's become of the Tanner's Daughter you gave ſomething to; I know what.

Wilm. Ha, is the Fool turn'd Conjurer? Who in the Devil's Name art thou?

Cla. The Goldſmith's Wife that loſt my Maiden-head the night before I was Married, can you tell me any News of it?

Fair. Why *Frank*, art thou Bewitch'd?

Cla. My Aunt had a Daughter brought to bed in the Country, and was Married afterwards to a fat Lord's Chaplain.

Wilm. The Devil take thee heartily, heartily, heartily.

Clar. My Mother had 20 Guineas and a new Gown for carrying a Mercers Neece to a Gentleman's Chamber, and I had ten more for taking care of her Child.

Wilm. Death and Damnation!

Cl O Sir, you muſt not Swear, if you do, the Puritans Widow will never truſt you in her Chamber again.

Wilm. If thou art Fleſh and Blood, and not the very Devil himſelf, as I begin to doubt, I will know who thou art before we part.

Clar. I am a little Fairy that challenge People in the night time, and run away from 'em when I have done.

Wilm. Prithee *Ned* ſtrike me a ſound rap on the Pate, that I may be ſure I am awake.

Clar. I'm a buſie Tell-tale, that ſend Husbands home to catch other Men in Bed with their Wives.

Wilm. For which you ſhall be Whipt abundantly, Child.

Clar. I'm a little Night-Walker that get Mens Keys out of their Pockets, run into their Chambers, rifle their Cloſets, read all their Letters, and laugh at 'em when I have done; I'm a Jilt, a Fool, a Gipſie, and —— your humble Servant. (*She unmaſques her ſelf.*

Fair. And thy own Miſtreſs, *Frank.*

Wilm. The Devil rather come to torment me; he cou'd never appear in a more hated Shape; but Madam, how dare you look in my Face again?

Clar. Why Sir, is there any thing dangerous in it?

Wilm. Don't you perceive it bent on miſchief, and read in it an utter averſion to the whole Sex in general, and your ſelf in particular?

Cl. Your pardon Sir, I can ſee no ſuch alteration; to me your Eyes appear as wanton as ever, your Blood as high and amorous; I am ſo far from thinking you an Enemy to our Sex, that rather than loſe time I know you can condeſcend to trifle away an hour or two with the Maid, when the Miſtreſs is not at leiſure, that Maid, Sir, your hungry Footman has ſcorn'd to touch; I can bring proof ſufficient to confirm what I ſay.

Wilm. And reaſon good, were all Men of my mind, you Ladies, proud ſtubborn Ladies, ſhould ſtarve and pine to death for want of what your Maids enjoy at full; the Pleaſures they can give, I'm ſure, wou'd equal if not exceed what with ſuch low ſubmiſſion, and ſlaviſh patience, we ſtill ſue to you for; they meet our Joys with equal vigour, and ſit down ſooner ſatisfied; Where's your fine trulty Squire, has he perform'd well to night, and cool'd your wanton Blood, or only ſtirr'd it, inflam'd it more, and rais'd your appetite; that's able to out-laſt the luſty ſervice of a fat pamper'd Stallion?

Clar. Lord, Lord, how froward he is, for want of reſt I warrant him, you'l do well to go home and ſleep, Sir, it does not become you, a Gentleman of your full Occupations, compar'd with whoſe abilities, the Husbands grow loathſom to their Wives, for whom our longing Virgins ſpend all their hours in ſilent wiſhes; bleſs me, what a Treaſure I have loſt, ſuch an handſom well ſhaped Man, made on purpoſe to fill a Lady's Arms, and withall ſo modeſt and ſo innocent, a little whiffling Schoo-boy knows more than he does. Tell me, Sir, and tell me truly, What encouragement did you ever give me to build my Faith upon your Love; could I with reaſon hope to find you true? I'de as ſoon hope it from a common Strumpet. Dare you who are a perfect Inventory of looſe and lazy Pleaſures tax my Vertue with one thought of baſeneſs?

Wilm. I doubt I have been a Fool, but dare not own it; she'l grow too haughty if I once submit.

Clar. You think me false; to shew how much I scorn you I'le own I am, own that I have lain all this night in the kind Arms of thy more worthy Rival; see where he comes, with whom one happy hour can yield more Joys than all your Life can reach at.

Enter Flavia.

Fair. A brisk Youth on my word, I pitty thee *Frank*, but he's a Bait the handsomest Lady need not scorn to catch at.

Flavia. Good luck, or bad, Madam. (*Aside to* Clarinda.

Clar. Good, good, he yields, Girl, my life on't.

Wilm. Well, Pox on her, let her go, yet it vexes me that such a Snipper-snapper should win the day. Hark you Sir, I wish you much joy, you have had an happy night on't I hear, do you think you could hold out another; A Woman, Sir, a young wanton Woman, is a sort of stubborn Beast that requires both skill and strength to manage titely; How blue the Rogue looks under the Eyes!

Fl. Your words, Sir, seem to bear some meaning in 'em I'm not acquainted with; howe're I hope she'l find me what she expected, true to her and love.

Cl. I find your Merits larger than my Wishes, all that my Youth deserved or Love e're hop't for.

Wilm. I shall grow mad anon. Madam I own you justly have preferr'd my Rival, and though, till lost, I never cou'd conceive how much I lov'd you; yet had you given me leave to read you, to read that honest noble Spirit within you, that Excellence which wou'd require whole Ages to scan o're truly, and admire with justice, you might have clear'd my Soul, made me confess that Men may love, and yet wear virtuous Minds.

Clar. Do so, and then be happy, I have won the day, and all the World shan't part us; nay start not Sir, I am yet as clear as truth, like Virgin Paper not one stain upon me, here's one I'm sure will stand to what I say; Madam, confess your self.

Wilm. Flavia!

Flav. The same, that next to what I once desir'd equal to life, but now must never think of, is glad to see you what you are.

Wilm. That ever I shou'd be such a blind Puppy to be deceived with all my Wisdom and Experience by a pair of Breeches! Wild-Fire take you, had I but found you out, I had so firk't you, so trounc'd your Ladiship——

Fair. A pretty discovery this, indeed were I your Ladiship I'de preserve 'em as a Trophy, an hundred years hence they'l be as much admir'd as King *Harry's* Codpice, or the Sword that conquer'd *France*.

Wilm. By my Manhood a perfect Bully; see *Ned* what an handsom Leg she has, and withall a fine promising Back, I wish you well, Madam, but if your Husband is not an able Man, I gad you'l throw him off the Saddle.

Flav. Well Sir, no more of this; you serv'd me yesterday a scurvy trick, and I have gaul'd you for it: With these, which now I find begin to grow un-

eaſie to me, I'll ſtrive to lay aſide all farther thoughts of Love, at leaſt of you. (*Exit.*

Cla. Mr. *Fairly*, I find my Couſin's Anger does ſtill ſit heavy on you; Truſt me, ſhe ſhall be yours, do but come home and ſee, how much the Knight has laboured for you.

Fair. Madam, we are both deceiv'd, and I ſupplanted; for *Belfont* told me, ſhe receiv'd his Courtſhip with all the eaſineſs of a yielding Maid, ſeem'd pleas'd to hear him Speak, proud of his Praiſes, and granted more to him in one half hour, than my whole life could hope for.

Cla. This is deſign'd, a very trap to catch you; Is ſhe ſo quick, ſo full of Plots? I'll Plot her, lead her a Dance ſhall make her crafty Heart Ake, and on her Knees ſue to be reconcil'd; this very morning it ſhall be done, it may be, give her Hand before the Parſon: Sir *Arthur* is to furniſh out a Conſort to entertain us at his Uncle's; be you there and follow my directions, if I fail you———

Fair. 'Twill be a Sin to doubt you.

Enter Betty.

Betty. O Madam, I'm glad I have found you, ſuch News!

Cla. News! What News? Beſhrew thy Heart thou haſt frighten'd me.

Betty. Your Mother Madam, your ſcolding furious old Mother———

Cla. What of her? Art thou Mad?

Betty. Is come to Town with the Knight that is to be your Husband: She is as loud as a *March* Wind, and as angry as an old Coughing Magiſtrate; Two of her Horſes are killed, and a Coach Wheel broken through haſte by the way: When the Gentleman that brought my Lord the News left her, ſhe was juſt got out of a muddy Pool, and cleaning her old Velvet Gown, that has ſcarce ſeen Sun theſe thirty years.

Cla. I hope ſome peaceable Man or other will lay hold of her, before ſhe comes to her Journeys end, and confine her for a Mad Woman.

Betty. I fear Madam you are in more danger of being confin'd; for ſhe proteſts unleſs you Marry Sir *Andrew*, you ſhall die a Begger for any thing you are like to get in *Warwickſhire*.

Cla. So Mr. *Wilmot*, you ſee Providence never deſign'd us two to meet together in a Bed; She is a froward old Woman I can tell you that.

Will. Why, Madam, Are you in earneſt?

Cla. Who can help it Sir? She has me under Lock and Key; I mean, the moſt ſubſtantial part of me, the Ten Thouſand Pound; I'm ſure you are more a Man than to take the Baggage without the Bag.

Wilm. Madam, you wrong my Love, I have enough for both.

Cla. Your Pardon Sir; I'll not tempt Fate ſo far, there are ſome hopes indeed a Woman may live Comfortable with her Husband, if ſhe brings ſomething to keep Love warm betwixt 'em; but otherwiſe I fear his Affections will cool faſter than the Wedding Dinner—— Nay, no more Promiſes and Proteſtations, you have won the Daughter, try now how you can prevail with the Mother: Let us home and conſult my Lord; Come Mr. *Fairly*, who knows but we may all four meet in a Church before to morrow Noon yet.

Fair. You are all goodneſs, Madam.

Wilm.

Wilm. Well, if I do looſe thee———
Clar. You'll bleſs your good fortune.
Wilm. I'll hang my ſelf in one of thy Garters. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Lord Goodland's *Houſe.*

Enter Sir Arthur.

Sir *Arth.* Well, Sir *Arthur*, thou art an happy Man; a Man of diſpatch Gad, I never knew what I was good for before.

Enter Marina.

Mari. My amorous Knight I ſee has Mew'd his Coat, and looks as ſtiff in his new Equipage, as a grave Ceremonious Gentleman Uſher luckily Marry'd to his Amorous Lady: Do they then think to cure me by theſe means? I'll meet 'em in their Plots, and ſo confound 'em, that they ſhall curſe their own Inventions. (*Aſide.*)

Sir *Ar.* So, ſo, all this while now is ſhe in a deep Contemplation of my Perſon; Her wonder has ſtruck her Dumb; truth is, if ſhe was ſo taken with me yeſterday in my greaſie Hat and broad Belt, How ſhould ſhe contain her ſelf now, ſhe views me in all my Glories? I'll make up to her. Madam, Thoſe bright beams of Love, which your Generoſity threw upon my Unworthineſs laſt night, have new Created me: You are the Mirrour of Perfection, the Burning Glaſs of Love, for like that your Beauties have contracted all my ſcatter'd Thoughts, which before were darted upon your whole Sex into one Circle, and you are now the Center of my Hopes. I gad, and that's fine. (*Aſide.*)

Mar. O fie, Sir *Arthur*, this is the extremity of Gallantry; you make me bluſh for want of an anſwer, though I confeſs, ſilence will beſt become me; for I had better ſay nothing at all than ſpeak too much.

Sir *Ar.* Too much you never can, each Syllable you utter exceeds the Muſick of the Sphears.

Mar. I doubt, in the ſeverity of your Wiſdom, you'll tax my eaſineſs, but who can help it? as the Play ſaith, None ever yet in Love were Wiſe.

Sir *Ar.* And all out on't are Fools: 'Tis the Buſineſs of the young, and Comfort of the old; 'tis what we are born for, the very thread on which our lives depend; for whilſt Love continues the Soul and Body together, we Live; when that ceaſes, we return to Nothing, Madam, meer Duſt and Aſhes.

Mar. Well Sir, for the preſent I muſt retire; I dare ſtay no longer, I hear my Father coming this way; he muſt not know I'm up ſo ſoon, nor would I have him ſee you here.

Sir *Ar.* Nay, I hope you'll grace our Muſick this Morning?

Mar. An hour hence Sir, I'll not fail you.

Sir

Sir *Ar*, You'll much Honour me. (*Exit* Marina.) Her Father! A lucky Thought's come into my Head; I reckon a little more Courtſhip will ſerve her turn; Suppoſe I apply my ſelf to him, 'twill not be improper; he can object nothing againſt my Eſtate I'm ſure, and 'tis that they ſay the old Folks chiefly mind.

Enter Lord Goodland.

L. *Goodl.* My Siſter indeed is ſo far in the right, they are never ſafe till well Married.

Sir *Ar.* My Lord, I am your Lordſhip's Servant.

L. *Goodl.* This is an early viſit, indeed, Sir *Arthur*, What Buſineſs can call you out of your Bed ſo ſoon?

Sir *Ar.* A Buſineſs, my good Lord, that in time may keep me longer in it, with your Lordſhips good leave.

L. *Goodl.* With mine Sir? Pray be plainer, I ſhall ne'er be wanting in any thing that may ſpeak a Friends Mind.

Sir *A.* In confidence of which, my Lord, I'll proceed: Your Lordſhip has a Daughter, and can leave her a good Eſtate; my Father has left his Son a good one: I am very plain, my Lord; Now our Perſons, and Eſtates, join'd together, will do much better than aſunder: I am young, ſhe is handſome, and both think it unreaſonable we ſhould lie any longer without a Bed-fellow.

L. *Goodl.* This is plain indeed, Sir *Arthur*; and to ſpeak the truth, I have nothing to object againſt your Propoſals, if you can but perſuade my Daughter to like 'em.

Sir *Ar.* We are agreed already; Love has been long hatching betwixt us, though we knew not one anothers Minds till laſt night, at which time, like conceal'd Flames, it darted forth, and gave each an happy view of the others Soul.

L. Goodl. Can this be earneſt? Or is he in a Dream? Surely ſhe can ne'er Love a Fool; Why not? Wiſe Men are out of Faſhion with 'em now; Perhaps ſhe has been told, the Fool ſtill proves the kindeſt Husband, beſides a large Eſtate, which, with his Perſon ſhe may hope to govern, will hide all Faults: I'll take him as a gift of Fortune, and eaſe my Fears. (*Aſide.*) Sir *Arthur*, you ſpeak heartily, which ſhows an honeſt Mind; get but your Uncle's Conſent, which, conſidering your dependance upon him, will be very neceſſary, and ſhe is yours.

Sir *Ar.* That's as good as got already, my Lord; A Peer's Daughter! he'll never be againſt it; However, I'll take your Lordſhips Advice, and let him know what an Honour I am Born to. (*Exit.*

L. Goodl. If Sir *Simon* will but ſettle his Eſtate upon him too, as I am told he has deſign'd, though I force her Inclinations a little, he ſhall be her Husband; 'Tis true, my Siſters violence is no way commendable, yet if a Parent's Advice and Authority is requiſite in the petty Buſineſſes of Life, it muſt be more than neceſſary in a thing of ſo great Concern.

Enter

Enter Marina.

Mar. I wonder where my Couſin can be all this while, I would not willingly go by my ſelf; My Father here ſtill!

L. Good. So early up, *Marina*; Theſe are Lovers hours, whoſe buſie Thoughts make their Sleep ſhort and broken; Nay ſtart not Daughter, I'm not come to chide you: Could you then hope a Buſineſs of ſuch moment could long eſcape a careful Father's Ears. I know you are in Love, that Bluſh confeſſes it; nay come, no more *Marina*, you have got a Father's liking to confirm your choice.

Mar. I'm amaz'd, but now 'twill be too late to hide my Thoughts, or trifle with his Knowledge. *(Aſide.)* I own it Sir, but by that Love I Swear, it ne'er gave life to one vile Thought within me, or taught me to forgoe the fair Obedience I owe your Goodneſs.

L. Good. I do believe thee; thou knoweſt we have none amongſt us but have ſome Faults, we ſhould be more than Men elſe, he has his ſhare, but yet a modeſt Mind may learn to pardon 'em.

Mar. Sir, had he ten times more, (even them his Virtues would outweigh) ſo I might have your liking, I'de take him with 'em all.

L. *Good.* Thou art all Sweetneſs, and ſhalt ever find me a kind indulgent Father to thy Wiſhes; He wants indeed a little of the Air and Courtlineſs the Town ſo much admires; but he has that will make a Wife's Life eaſie; a good Eſtate my Girl, and would his Uncle, having no other Child to enjoy it, but add his to it, Sir *Arthur*'s Purſe would much out-weigh their Wit.

Mar. O Heavens, Sir *Arthur*! To what a miſery has my unhappy ignorance betray'd me? Fool that I was, not to perceive before, my Father's Words could never aim at *Fairly*, whoſe Faults, if he has any, are ſo ſmall, they might with eaſe eſcape an old Mans Eye. *(Aſide.)*

L. *Good.* A Buſineſs of ſuch conſequence muſt ne'er be long delay'd; I'll to Sir *Simon*'s Lodgings, and try what may done; if I find his Pulſe beat time to our Deſires, this Week thou art a Bride.

Mar. This Week Sir, 'tis too ſoon.

L. *Good.* I know you are Modeſt, and loath to lay aſide that Name of Virgin, believe me, Wench, an honeſt Wife's a Nobler; my care of thy well-doing ſhall ſpeak my Love. *(Exit.*

Mar. 'Tis all too late, and my unhappy Anger has recoil'd back to work my own Deſtruction: O *Fairly*, Why was my Love ſo nice, or thine ſo forward?

Enter Clarinda.

Clar. How now Coſin, What in your Dumps? How does the Knight and you agree? I warrant you think this becomes you; Out upon't, a little Child that's Breeding Teeth would not be half ſo froward.

Mar. I muſt confeſs, 'tis fit you ſhould be angry.

Clar. O is it ſo? Suppoſe my Servant like a valiant Knight, with a full Bumper in his Hand, maintains his Lady's worth againſt the boldeſt Drinker; muſt I forſooth think my ſelf injur'd in it, as if his Glaſs had poiſon'd my fair Name, made it ſo loathſom that Bawds and Whores wou'd ſcorn it?

Mar. Did you but know how miſerable I am, you wou'd diſſolve your anger into pity, I have held a Snake in my unguarded Hand ſo long till I am ſtung to death; my Father encourag'd by that ſhow of Love with which I met Sir *Arthur*'s Courtſhip, has doom'd me to his Arms———

Clar. How ſay you? No, that's carrying the jeſt too far, Marry Sir *Arthur*? He is an ungracious old Man, if he offers it; my Mothers own Fleſh and Blood I'le warrant him; when ſhe comes up I'le have 'em both beg'd for a couple of unnatural old Fools; No I have a trick worth two of that; what ſay you Coſin? we are both concern'd; ſuppoſe we ſhou'd be too nimble for their Gravities, and prevent 'em? Mr. *Fairly*'s to be had yet, and we ſhan't want opportunities this morning, by the Chaplain's aſſiſtance, of giving our Hands where our Hearts are.

Mar. No Coſin, the Curſe of Diſobedience will attend ſuch raſh Attempts; Honour and Duty both forbids us to diſpute a Parents right; ſomething I'le do for love, but know not what; after Sir *Arthur*'s Muſick's over I'le tell you more.

Clar. Here's *Fairly* coming, ſtay and be reconcil'd.

Mar. Not yet, 'twill look unſeemly. *Exit.*

Clar. Thou art an ungracious Girl, and were I *Fairly* I'de trouble my ſelf no more about thee; Murrain take her, cou'd I but have perſwaded her to it, I had had my ends; for truth is, ſince I am in ſome danger of loſing him, I find this Fellow *Wilmot* ſticks more in my Head than I imagin'd; and cou'd I have had her Company, I had made a ſure Bargain on't; and put my ſelf out of my Mothers reach, but I'le fit her for it, or my Wits ſhall fail me.

Enter Wilmot *and* Fairly.

Wilm. Well, Madam, what hopes?

Clar. Why, at preſent I'me thinking———

Wilm. Of what?

Clar. That if I live till to morrow, I ſhall be a day older.

Wilm. And if not———

Clar. I ſhall dye a Maid.

Wilm. Proper thoughts enough for one in your condition.

Fair. But Madam pardon my impatience, where's *Marina*?

Clar. Conſidering what Maſque ſhe ſhall have at her Wedding; nay Sir, never ſtart for the matter; you, like a whining Lover, muſt ſtand aloof, and let the bold Sir *Arthur* in the mean time attack her, board her in an inſtant, and now drive her like a Prize before him.

Fair. Be plainer Madam, I underſtand you not.

Clar. I am ſorry for it; know then, that whilſt you play'd at bo-peep with the Daughter, he ſteer'd a ſafer Courſe, and apply'd himſelf to the Father; you may gueſs the reſt, my Lord is a Diſcreet Man, and knows the Knight has got a good Eſtate.

Fair.

Fair. Are then all my Hopes and your Promiſes come to this? I cou'd rave like a Mad-man; but he ſhall never carry it ſo.

Clar. No, if he does, I'le dye in a Nunnery.

Fair. But how———

Clar. Nay, no queſtions at preſent, unleſs I had more time to anſwer 'em; Go you home, I have a word or two for *Betty*'s Ear, and will o're-take you, do you follow her Inſtructions, and leave the reſt to me and Fortune.

In ſpight of all their Arts we'll win the day.
Fair. *You are Loves Oracle, and I'll obey.*

(*Exeunt* ſeve al.

SCENE *draws, and diſcovers the Lady* Barter *and Sir* Arthur *inſtructing his Muſick.*

Lady *Ba.* Come, come Coſin, you Lovers are ſo curious, were they to perform before the King, half theſe Inſtructions would have ſerv'd.

Sir *A.* Madam, but one thing more, and we have done, be ſure keep your Countenances. You Fidlers generally make worſe Faces than Sir *Martin*; if your care in the performance, does but equal mine in the compoſure, I'me ſure 'twill be very agreeable; And pretty *Miſs* can you ſing the Song I gave you?

Enter Marina.

Mar. I thought to have met my Coſin here, Sir *Arthur.*

Sir *A.* She'l not be long Madam, Mrs. *Flavia* went for her, till they come in, and let's have the Song.

A Roundelau by Mr. *Motteux.*

MAN is for Woman made,
And Woman made for Man:
As the Spur is for the Jade,
As the Scabbard for the Blade,
As for digging is the Spade;
As for Liquor is the Can,
So Man's for Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.
As the Scepter to be ſway'd,
As to Night the Serenade,
As for Pudding in the Pan,
As to cool us is the Fan,
So Man's for Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.
Be ſhe Widdow, Wife, or Maid,
Be ſhe wanton, be ſhe ſtaid,

Be she well or ill array'd,
Whore, Bawd, or Harrow-da
So Man's for Woman made,
And Woman made for Man.

When that is ended, Fairly *enters leading in* Clarinda *Masqu, and* Wilmot, Flavia.

Fair. I now am happy, but tell me Madam, is't to your anger, or your love, or rather both, I owe this blessing? Ha! Are my Eyes open this Morning? *Marina* there and here too. [Clarinda *unmasques.*

Clar. No Sir, but one that may do as well, if you'll but set your mind to it.

Wilm. How! *Clarinda?* who the Devil have I got then? [*Flavia* unmasques.

Fla. An humble Lover, that was forc'd to make use of this snare——

Wilm. To catch a Woodcock, a fine Morning's work this, *Fairly* prithee let us change; thy Mare has got the wrong Saddle.

Fair. I am all amazement, what cou'd you propose in this Madam?

Clar. What I have obtain'd, a good Husband.

Sir *Arth.* How Marry'd!

Ly. B. Marry'd!

Wilm. Marry'd! Marry'd! Yes Marry'd, is that such a wonder? Zouns, they stare upon me as if I was a Cuckold already.

Ly. B. Tho he is lost, this disappointment is some Satisfaction to me. [*Aside.*

Wilm. This 'tis for a Man to leave his lawful vocation of Whoring, what a plague had I to do with Wedlock.

Fair. Is this your Remedy Madam? you have now thrown me past all cure.

Clar. You can't tell Sir, we are not the first that met upon compulsion.

Mar. My miseries are now compleated. (*Aside.*

Ly. B. Bless me Mr. *Wilmot,* you'l have the Lord knows what with your Bride, her aunt will be extravagantly kind, old Bonds and Leases in abundance, besides her Husbands old Cloaths.

Wilm. Has she ever an halter for me too?

Ly. B. And an old Cradel for the first Child, Heir apparent to all her Apostles Spoons and Diaper Napkins.

Fla. You are wondrous civil, Madam.

Sir *Arth.* To my thinking you are not so merry as Men in your condition shou'd be, what! a couple of Weddings and not a dance? You are oblig'd to my care, I have provided some Musick for you, you'll be brisker at night I hope; Mr. *Fairly, I* am sorry for your disapointment, but who can help it, this Lady's Stars were against you; Marriages you know are made in Heaven.

Fair. Dull blockhead, am *I* become his scorn too?

Sir *Arth.* Had you given us timely notice, perhaps we might have born you company too, to make the pair Royal.

Mar. No, Sir, I wou'd have Wedded to my Grave first: Did I want his impertinence to show me how much *I* have lost?

Sir *Arth.* Ha! is all her kindness come to this?

Mar. I had rather chuse a knot of Adders, mingle with Aspicks, or be confin'd to a Bed of Toads.

Fla.

Fla. Ha, ha, what think you of a pair Royal, Sir *Arthur*; theſe are hard words.

Sir *Arth.* Hard enough to break my heart, but Madam ———

Mar. Stand off, my breath ſhall blaſt you elſe; unkind *Clarinda*, did this become your friendſhip?

Clar. It became my Wiſdom, however, if you'll do as we have done, the Gentlemen without, will ſay grace to you too, come Sir, come in.

Enter Roger *in a Black gown.*

Fair. The firſt of all his function *I* have cauſe to hate.

Clar. Nay Sir, pray be cover'd.

Roger. Not in my Maſter's preſence Madam.

Wilm. How *Roger*! that *I* ſhou'd know a Pimp from a Parſon.

Clar. If a *Mock Marriage* has thus diſcompos'd you, what can you expect from a real one?

Wilm. Why that was it, had we been rightfully and orderly joyn'd together in the fear of the Lord, it wou'd have done.

Fair. Madam, *I* am much beholden to your wit, you have eas'd my fears; and this Lady is pleas'd to be reconcil'd.

Mar. But Sir, there are more difficulties behind, my Father ———

Clar. No more of that, 'twill make the Knight prick up his Ears again, I'll make him pay for what he has done already, your Father's an old Man, and muſt be rul'd. Sir *Arthur*, take courage, this is but a turn of Fortune; follow me home, *I* have a Plot in my head ſhall ſet all right again.

Sir *Arth.* Madam, *I*'ll attend you; beſides my Uncle is at work for me, who has promis'd her a thundring joynture, and the Devil's in't if that wo'n't do.

For the wiſe tell us, that alone can move,
Sooner than all the Rhetorick of *Love*.
Come with full hands, if with ſucceſs you'd woe,
'Tis ready money makes the Mare to go.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Goodland's House.

Enter Wilmot *and* Fairly

Wilm. Nay, prithee *Ned* bear thy self more like a Man.

Fair. Man I shall be a disgrace to the Name, if I sit down thus tamely, and let him bear her off before my face; I wear a Sword——

Wilm Prithee wear a little discretion too, 'twill become thee better.

Fair. Bumfidel'd by a Fool, she is lost for ever, see where she comes, all bath'd in Tears, till now I never was in love with sorrow.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. O Sir, all's past, my Father's deaf to all my prayers, just now the Lawyer was sent for to draw the Writings.

Fair. Or rather sign a Warrant for my execution.

Wilm. And you are making a whining speech before hand.

Mar. All I can say but hastens on my ruine, he vows before to morrow's Sun is set, *I* shall be Sir *Arthur*'s Wife, or no more call him Father.

Wilm. Suppose you acquaint him with Mr. *Fairly*'s pretensions Madam.

Mar. *I* did so, but 'twas in vain; Sir *Arthur* and his Unkle have both his word, which he'll not break. (*Enter* Clarinda.) O Cozin what's to be done.

Clar. What you might have done *I* told you, but what's now to be done is past my kaowledge,; nothing vexes me, but that we shou'd be over-reach'd by a fool.

Wilm. Your only remedy Madam, now, will be patience——

Clar. And repentance; I hope heartily she'll make him a Cuckold when she has him; what think you Mr. *Wilmot*? You see our Stars have design'd us both for Foolish Husbands.

Wilm. I confess she has set you an ill example, but I hope you have more grace than to follow it.

Clar. But my Mother——

Wilm. Is a Transitory old Woman; that to day is, and to morrow is not; wou'd you betray your self, and the pleasures of Youth, to the humours of her doteage?

Clar. Do but something then, that may make me in love with your wit, some pretty contrivance or other to break of this match, and I'll adore you, otherwise I have vow'd to follow her fortunes.

Wilm. 'Tis a rash vow, and ought not to be kept, what wou'd you have me do?

Clar. If I cou'd tell, I wou'd save your brains the labour of thinking.

Wilm. I may as well hope to live upon rarifi'd air.

Clar. I can't help it.

Wilm. Did one ever hear the like; do you take me for a Conjurer, if you

you ſet me to ſhow you a Trick or two, eat Fire, ſwallow a Knife, or the like, there might be ſome hopes, but this is a caſe——

Clar. Your Wits are loſt in; however, you know my mind, and will find me obſtinate.

Fair. Madam, we are oblig'd to your care, though I fear all will prove in vain; and yet, as long as I wear a Sword, I can't deſpair, Love and this will do much.

Clar. Have better thoughts in you; here comes the jolly Bridegroom.

Enter Sir Arthur.

Sir *Ar.* She's a peeviſh fool, and ſhall pay for it when ſhe's Married, ha! all theſe together; I don't like that, there is ſome Plot in the Wind I am afraid; that *Fairly* looks as ſurly as a Beef-eater, and yet when we are once married, I ſhall be more afraid of *Wilmot*.

Clar. Nay, come Sir *Arthur*, don't let us diſturb you.

Wilm. We are teaching your Miſtreſs how to carry her ſelf againſt the Wedding.

Sir *Ar.* Pray God he does not teach her any carriage after it. (*aſide.* Madam, your Father calls for you.

Mar. I'll wait upon him.

Sir *Ar.* Shall I attend you?

Mar. The plague rather. (*Exit.*

Sir *Ar.* Say you ſo; ſhe has a deſperate Tongue of her own, and that is an ill ſign, for they who are ſo free of that, are generally ſo of ſomething elſe, and run proud at both ends: But hang't, I'll marry firſt, and conſider of that afterwards.

Clar. I vow, Sir *Arthur*, you'll be happy to an infinite degree, ſhe uſes you as familiar already as if you had been married theſe ſix months.

Fair. But, Sir, do you think to carry it thus?

Sir *Ar.* Carry what? Does any one know what the Gentleman means?

Wilm. To make you a Cuckold if you dare marry, ſtab you with your Wives Bodkin it may be, or ſtifle you in a Sack Poſſet.

Sir *Ar.* Good lack, would one think it? But pray, Sir, don't be angry, for I vow to God 'tis none of my ſeeking, marriage and hanging they ſay——

Fair. Come together ſometimes, Sir, look to't.

Sir *Ar.* What mean you Sir?

Fair. To cut your Throat.

Sir *Ar.* Spoke like a friend; but I can't ſtay to thank you now, buſineſs makes me a little unmannerly at preſent, ha, ha, ha; however, I invite you all to my Wedding, Gentlemen; and ſo I take my leave. (*Exit.*

Enter Belfont.

Wilm. O, *Harry*, thou art come at a wiſh, here have been ſuch ſtrange doings, I have been married and unmarried again, Man, ſince I ſaw thee laſt.

Clar.

Clar. What wou'd half the married People in *England* give they cou'd part ſo eaſily?

Belf. It's an ill example, and ſhou'd not be encourag'd; but I have heard of all, and, *Ned*, I pity thy misfortune.

Fair. Your pity is all I can expect now, for we are paſt every thing elſe.

Wilm. Belfont, thou knoweſt I told thee to day of a diſcovery *Roger* made, can't thy hot Brain draw ſomething from thence?

Belf. Ha! aptly conſidered, a little pains may ſhape it into a good deſign: *Ned*, take courage, the Town's not loſt yet, I have a ſtratagem forming in my head that may rout them all at laſt.

Fair. At leaſt I ſhall be indebted to your friendſhip.

Belf. You ſay, *Wilmot*, you know her.

Wilm. Her Father was my Coachman, till for his troubleſome zeal, being a violent Preciſian, I diſcharg'd him; I am ſure a little Money will gain her.

Belf. I am glad on't; what we before deſign'd for our mirth, may, if rightly manag'd, come attended with profit.

Clar. Mr. *Wilmot*, I ſee your Brains are in labour, I wiſh you an eaſie deliverance.

Wilm. The proſpect of the reward will make all things eaſie.

Clar. If it ſucceeds we'll be merry, and have a Dance in Maſquerade: Mr. *Fairly*, you told me——

Fair. I have them ready Madam.

Clar. Every one to their proper buſineſs then, I hear them coming this way; we muſt not be ſeen thus altogether, 'twill create ſuſpicion.

Fair. Spight of their Arts I may prevail ere Night,
Since on my ſide both Wit and Beauty fight. *(Ex. omnes præter Clar.*

Enter Lord Goodland, Marina, *Sir* Arthur, *and a Lawyer.*

L. G. Are the Writings drawn, ſay you?

Law. They are, my Lord, according to your Lordſhip's Order.

L. G. And her Portion to be ſettled on her younger Children?

Law. Yes my Lord.

L. G. Well, we want nothing but Sir *Simon*'s hand then: Sir *Arthur*, I ſee you are buſie with your Miſtreſs, ſhe's a little froward at firſt, like a wanton Bird newly confin'd to a Cage, impatient of reſtraint, but you'll quickly learn to break her.

Sir *Ar.* I ſhall do my endeavour my Lord.

L. G. Daughter no more, you'll prove a ſhame and ſorrow to my Age, and make me wiſh I ne'r had been a Father.

Mar. Good Sir, don't you by your unnatural ſeverity make me doubt, whether or no I have a Child's intereſt in your affections.

L. G. Go, go, you know not when you are well.

Mar. But Sir, to ſacrifice me to a fool——

L. G. There will be a couple of you well met if he is ſo.

Enter Sir Simon.

Sir *S.* O, Couſin, are you here? My Wife told me you was gone to Mr. *Mortgages* Chamber.

Sir

Sir *A.* I met him, Sir, my Lord had ſent for him before.

L. G. Come, Sir *Simon*, your hand, and the reſt my Chaplain ſhall finiſh.

Sir *S.* I know no reaſon why we might not make an end of all together this morning.

Sir *A.* No, good Sir, ſtay till to morrow, I muſt make a Song or two againſt the good hour; Beſides, I have a deſign in my head for a Maſque, and I can't get all ready ſo ſoon.

Sir *S.* Fye, Couſin, they are trifles may be diſpenc'd with.

L. G. No, Sir, let him have his Will; beſides, I expect my Siſter to Night, ſhe'll be a merry Gueſt amongſt us.

Clar. Come, come, dry your Tears; Fortune may change, and work Miracles for you before to morrow. (*aſide to* Marina.

Mar. O, 'tis impoſſible; ſhe's conſtant in her malice.

Enter Belfont.

Clar. Mr. *Belfont*, I read Succeſs in your Face.

Belf. Madam, you are in the right: I have brought a couple of Gueſts to the Wedding will prove very unwelcome to Sir *Arthur*, an old Miſs of his, and her Mother, that may chance to forbid the Banes.

Clar. I like your Plot well; it has ſome life in it: But how came you to bring 'em ſo ſoon?

Belf. *Wilmot*'s Rogue of a Boy, for the ſake of a little Miſchief, had prepar'd 'em before hand: I met 'em at the Gate, and only fortified 'em with a few more Inſtructions.

Enter Sarah *and her Mother.*

Moth. Where is that Man of Sin, that Veſſel of Uncleanneſs?

Sar. With his bewitching *Rachel*, that wou'd rob me of my Help-meet.

Sir. A. 'Oons! how came theſe here?

Moth. That Whore of *Babylon*, Pitfall of Iniquity, and Lake of Perdition.

Clar. This is an excellent Dialect. (*aſide to* Belfont.

L. G. What wou'd theſe People have?

Moth. Friend, we are come to ſeek a ſtray Sheep, a backſliding *Zimri*—

Sarah. Going to take to his unfaithful Boſom one of the Daughters of *Canaan*.

Moth. Whoſe carnal Mind, fated with the heavenly Manna, longs after the Egyptian Fleſh-pots.

Mar. This is indeed a pleaſant Scene.

L. G. Does any one know theſe Creatures?

Moth. Yea, verily, that Son of Perdition, who having won to his embraces the Daughter of my Boſom, promis'd to take her to Wife in the face of the Congregation; and loe! now he leaveth her like an unholy thing.

L. G. Sir *Arthur*, ſhe ſeems to direct her Diſcourſe to you; do you know her?

Sir *Ar.* Know her my Lord? yes, a little. No, my Lord, I never ſaw her in my life before.

Moth. Friend, I ſay unto thee, he has ſeen us both, and knows my Daughter; yea verily, the time is almoſt accompliſht ſince firſt he knew her.

Sar. As the dumb Babe I now go withal can teſtifie againſt him.

Belf. See, Madam, how Sir *Simon* foams.

Clar. He has gap't twice; he'll ſpeak anon.

Sir Sim. aſide.] Thô this Woman's Confidence, and my Nephew's Confuſion, perſwade me ſhe is right, this is no time proper for my anger; perhaps a little Money may make all up again. Heark you, Woman, who ſet you on to do this?

Moth. Nothing but the Truth, to which my Conſcience beareth Teſtimony.

Sir Sim. Let me tell you, you don't take the right courſe of helping your ſelves; a word with you.

Belf. Methinks, Sir *Artbur*, you are not ſo kind as you ſhou'd be to an old Acquaintance, one you muſt needs know; ſhe has your mark ſtampt upon her.

Clar. Indeed Sir, you are an happy man; you'll beget Sons and Daughters in abundance, that will be all Prophets and Teachers.

Belf. 'Twas very lucky thô, that ſhe ſhou'd come juſt in the nick of time; had ſhe ſtaid but a day longer, ſhe had loſt you: Nay, Man, why ſo reſerv'd? go, go, ſalute her with an holy kiſs; ſee, ſhe expects it.

Sir Ar. Salute her with an horſe-whip rather, I'm ſure ſhe deſerves it.

L. G. aſide.] Thô there may be ſomething in this, yet I ſmell a Plot, which they ſhall find too weakly laid.

Sir A. My Lord, may I never have the Honour of calling your Lordſhip Father, if ever I ſaw her above once in my life; and then I was ſo drunk that I could not ſtand.

Moth. Thy Money periſh with thee, thou ſeed of *Antichriſt*; wou'dſt thou have me ſell the Truth for that which periſheth like the Dung of the Earth? No, do us Juſtice, or elſe expect Judgment, which now I denounce againſt thee.

L. G. Nay, Miſtris, you muſt not be loud: Thô I know all this to be a Lye, yet to ſilence you, I'll preſent your Daughter with 500 *l.* and if, as you ſay, ſhe is with child, I'll ſettle an yearly hundred more upon that; and now after all their Arts, Sir *Arthur*, I hope to morrow to ſee you married to your own Content.

Mar. My Lord——

L. G. Peace; I am inexorable.

Mar. And I undone. [*Exit.*

Moth. Thy words have the ſweet Savour of Godlineſs in 'em: See the Money paid, and we are ſatisfied.

L. G. This Afternoon, my Steward ſhall content you.

Belf. Damn'd mercenary Jade. [*Ex. Mother and* Sarah.

Cl. Well, I have one Plot more, and if that fails me, I'll give over. [*aſide.*

L. G. Couſin, you ſee how ſtubborn my Daughter is, blinder than Fortune herſelf, which with an open and liberal hand ſeems to court her. Is there no way of winning her? You, I believe, are acquainted with her Thoughts better than I am.

Clar. Something to divert them a little, my Lord, might do much; you know ſhe loves dancing well; ſome Neighbours without beg leave of your Lordſhip to preſent you with a Dance or two in Maſquerade: It's an innocent Requeſt, and I hope your Lordſhip will grant it.

L. G. With all my heart; any thing to ſoften her.

Clar. Within this half hour, Sir, they'll be ready: Mr. *Belfont*, a word with you.

L. G.

L. G. Sir *Simon*, come, I'll make good my Promiſe to this Woman. Your Nephew is never the worſe man for this Slip; a light touch of Youth: The beſt of Trees have their Bloſſoms before the Fruit appears: Time and Experience will blow it off.

Sir Sim. I hope your Lordſhip will have no cauſe to repent of your Generoſity.

Belf. aſide to Clar.) I admire your wit, Madam; I'll give them their Inſtructions immediately. [*Exit.*

L. G. The young people here are preparing a ſmall Entertainment for us, a Dance or two; we'll give 'em way a little, our Company may diſturb 'em.

Sir Sim. I'll follow your Lordſhip. (*Exeunt.*

Clar. Sir *Arthur*, you look on your ſelf as ſecure now.

Sir A. As Friends and Fortune can make me.

Clar. Do you think my Couſin and *Fairly* have no Plots remaining.

Sir A. None worſe than the laſt.

Clar. See how you are deceiv'd now; for know, Sir, that within this hour they deſign to be married, in ſpight of all you, your Uncle, or my Lord can do: But ſince I firſt encouraged you in this Buſineſs, I reckon my honour as much engaged as yours, and will therefore teach you how to meet 'em in their own Devices, and ſo enſnare 'em, that you ſhall put it out of their power to plot ever after.

Sir A. Dear Madam, let me adore you.

Clar. Be patient a little; you know we are to have a Maſque preſently: Now whil'ſt all the reſt are buſie at their Sports, they are to draw off, and by the Chaplain's Aſſiſtance, who is of their Party, be knit ſo faſt together, that all my Lord's Fury and Policy will never be able to ſeparate them: This I had of *Belfont* juſt now, who thinks me a Friend to their Purpoſes. Now, Sir *Arthur*, what Tricks to prevent 'em?

Sir A. Tricks Madam, a thouſand; I'll give my Lord warning of it before-hand.

Clar. That's not ſo well: For if they fail of this, they have ſuch fruitful Inventions, that ten to one but they find out another before Night, and make ſure work at laſt: Nothing to countermine 'em, and blow all their Imaginations about their Ears?

Sir A. I can think of no ſurer Remedy, than what I have propoſed.

Clar. It's a ſign you are in Love, your Thoughts move ſo heavily. I'll tell you then. Suppoſe you ſhould ſtep into *Fairly*'s place, and put the Change upon *Marina?* This is a piece of Wit wou'd force your way to her affections.

Sir *A.* But Madam, is this practicable?

Clar. Nothing eaſier; I ſent word by *Belfont* to *Fairly*, That *Mariana* would appear in a Turkiſh Veſt, and adviſ'd him to be dreſs'd like an *Indian*: Now, to deceive 'em both, I'll tell her 'tis *Fairly*'s deſire ſhe ſhou'd come in like a Shepherdeſs, and that he himſelf wou'd make choice of an Huntsman's Habit.

Sir *A.* Now, Madam, I underſtand you; I have her in view, and if I loſe the Scent, may *Actæon*'s Fate be mine.

Clar. I'm glad you are ſo quick of Apprehenſion: Go, you muſt be as quick as you can.

Sir *Arth.* With equal Plots I'll meet their Plots, and fit
A Woman's cunning with a Womans wit. [*Exit.*

Enter Betty.

Bet. Madam, my Lady *Marina* wou'd ſpeak with you.

Clar. *I* am for her, and do you follow *Betty*; *I* have been a long time in your debt, and if all you told me this morning is true, *I* may chance before night to acquit my ſelf, if you'll be rul'd by me.

Bet. *I*n any thing, Madam, you may command me.

Clar. That's well ſaid, come along then, *I* ſee the Maſquers coming, *I*'ll be amongſt 'em preſently. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Goodland, *Sir* Simon *with* Fairly, Wilmot, Belfont, *Lady* Barter, Landlady, Flavia, *and ſeveral Dancers, all in different Habits.*

L. Good Gentlemen and Ladies you much honour my houſe; *I* have ſome young people within, will not be long from you.

Sir *Sim.* Certainly theſe Gambols were firſt invented by ſome Whoremaſter or other; a man can't know his own Wife, if ſhe be amongſt 'em.

Wilm. Surely that muſt be my Landlady, *I* ſhou'd know her by the ſhake of her head; pray Madam what does your fancy aim at in your habit; it looks mighty Majeſtical.

Land. Nothing under a Goddeſs, *I*'ll aſſure you, Sir.

Wilm. Goody *Ceres*, *I* believe in queſt of her unlucky daughter.

Land. If I was ſo, you'd be the firſt I ſhou'd ſuſpect for the Raviſher.

Wilm. Now I ſhou'd rather take you, for an old Uſurer's Wife, that under the covert of a Maſque, have ventur'd to make one ſally more out into the World, to view in others, the Sinful pleaſures of your paſt youth, or a Court Bawd, come to debauch our Wives and Daughters, and rob our Markets to ſupply your Courtiers tables.

Land. And what are you, a Citizen's Fore-man, that preſuming upon your Miſtriſſes familiarity, have made bold with your Maſter's Wardrobe, through the vanity of appearing once in your life in a Character, to which you were never born; and which like a Player, you muſt within this half hour reſign?

Ly. Bar. By your giddy Fantaſtical dreſs, I more than half believe you are a French Monſieur, ſingling out ſome Lady in the company to be civil to.

Wilm. No, faith Madam, I am a plain downright Engliſh Cavalier, that wou'd fain be civil to 'em all.

Sir *Sim.* Now, for ought I know, that may be my Wife yonder, and the fellow talking to her, a lewd young Whoremaſter.

Enter Sir Arthur *on one ſide, on the other* Clarinda, Marina *and* Betty.

Clar. There he is, ſucceed and be happy.

Sir *Arth.* Let me look about a little, there's my Shepherdeſs, but where's the Indian? O, *I* ſee him; poor fool, how his wits are rambling after the Turkiſh Lady; I muſt confeſs I am but little better than an Infidel to ſerve a Chriſtian thus, but charity they ſay, firſt begins at home.

Bet. Sir, Sir, this way lies your game, are not you Mr. *Fairly*?

Sir *Arth.* Yes Child, the very ſame.

Bet. I can't but think how neatly we ſhall deceive that Fool, Sir *Arthur*; yonder he is they ſay, in the Indian habit.

Sir *Arth.* Marry, he'll never have the heart to appear abroad again, in his own ſhape, after ſo ſignal a diſapointment.

Bet. I'll desire my Lord to call for a Dance, and then lead you the way, I'll follow you.

Sir *Arth. aside.*) How infinitely am I oblig'd to Madam *Clarinda*! Well, this is such an excellent trick! Pray Heaven I contain my self before the Parson.

(*Exit follow'd by* Betty.

L. G. Come Gallants, you that are no Dancers, make room for those that are.

Belf. to *Clar.* Has the bait took Madam?

Clar. I warrant him unable to do any more mischief for the future,

Sir *Arth.* Gentlemen and Ladies, be it known unto all present; that I Sir *Arthur Stately* in the County of *Warwick*, Baronet, have taken to be my Wedded Wife, this noble Lady; now whether it was with or without your consent, Madam, it matters not; however I hope you'll own you have been out-plotted; and that you have got a Wit for your Husband, and beg at once a blessing and pardon from my Lord. (*She unmasques.*) Cheats! Plots! Murders and Massacres! I am not married, never was married, and never will be married.

Bet. Your Pardon, Sir, I can bring Witnesses who saw you give your hand to the Priest.

Sir A. They are all Heathen Rogues that say so: he is no Priest, he is a Papist, a Monk, a Fryar, a Jesuit; he is the Devil's Confessor; or, now I think on't, he is Mr. *Wilmot*'s Man *Roger*.

Bet. My Lord best knows that, Sir; he has had the Honour of being his Chaplain these six years.

L. G. Why, Sir *Arthur*, what can be the meaning of this? Are you mad?

Sir A. No, but I am married, and that is ten times worse.

Clar. Married, Sir? You jest sure.

Sir A. Ah! are you there? You have thrown a pretty blind Bargain upon my hands, I thank you; a Huntsman's Coat! a Fool's Coat: For your sake, I'll never trust a Woman again, but when she's asleep.

Mar. This is a miraculous Deliverance.

L. G. I find, Sir *Arthur*, your own distrust and too forward care has ruin'd you.

Sir Sim. Thô I have no Heir of my own, Cousin, to inherit my Estate, there are many others that will better deserve it, than the servile Issue of a Chamber-maid.

Sir A. So, I have not been married this half hour, and yet I find the Blessings of Wedlock coming thick upon me already.

Fairl. Why, Sir *Arthur*, who could think you wou'd steal a Wedding thus? Here are some Friends amongst us, might have made up a Pair-Royal for Company sake, had you given us timely notice.

Clar. Come, come, Sir *Simon*, show your self a Wife man to day, and to morrow I'll convince you that she's a better Wife than your Nephew deserves.

L. G. Mr. *Fairly*, I know your inclinations; take her, and with her an Old man's Blessing: Nothing but my obligations to Sir *Arthur*, stood betwixt you and your desires before: May you still lye upon the Downy Beds of Peace and Plenty, and know no Cares to interrupt your Joys.

Wilm. Now am I villanously afraid to put you in mind of your Promise, for fear you shou'd be as good as your Word.

Cl. No, don't try; For I doubt I have engaged my self for more than I shall be willing to pay.

Wilm.

Wilm. Say you so? what if we compound then, and instead of a long, tedious, uneasie Life, be content with what a Month or two can give.

Cl. No, Sir, That's like paying the Debt, without taking any Acquittance.

L. C. Come, Cousin; I wish my Sister was here, to joyn your hands; for the present I'll supply her place: Doubt not her Consent; I have a Secret for her Ear will draw it from her.

Belf. Well, I see which way you are both going; and, as I have been hitherto the Companion of your Fortunes, cou'd I get this Lady's Consent, I wou'd still attend you.

L. G. How, my Landlady's Neece; consider, *Harry*, thou art a Gentleman.

Belf. Were I an Emperor, she wou'd be the richest Jewel in my Crown.

Landl. Come, I know her mind; she can never part from so good Company.

Flav. Well, Sir, I must be governed by my Aunt, tho now the Name dyes with her Authority: For know, Sir, my right Name is *Lovell*, a Name well known in the *West* of *England*; the occasion of my Disguise, I can scarce confess without Blushes: I had often seen Mr *Wilmot* at the Bath, and must own I lov'd him; 'twas that drew me to *London*, with a Design of offering him my Person and a considerable Fortune, if his Behavior had any ways encouraged me to hope he would accept it; but I now perceive his Stars had pointed him out a nobler Choice.

Belf. Or rather, mine, to compleat my happiness, reserv'd you for me.

Wilm. Madam, I hope your Goodness will pardon those Incivilities my Ignorance forc'd me upon.

Fla. They are too small to stand in need of any Apology.

L. G. Come, I can read in all your Faces what your Desires are; go in, and let my Chaplain make 'em lawful.

L. Bart. To my thinking, Mr. *Wilmot*, you look like a condemn'd Malefactor, that, just before Execution, is going to give the Spectators an account of the Sins which brought him to that unlucky end.

Wilm. No, Madam, I am admiring what it should be, that, considering my natural Inclinations, could keep me so long from it.

Fairl. In fancy'd Joys our Vigorous Youth we lose,
And empty Shadows for the Substance choose:
Wanton we rove, and in variety
Fondly conceive Love's noblest Treasures ly.
But when experienc'd years have turn'd the Stream,
And Wisdom rais'd us from our golden Dream,
Then we confess, t'insure a happy Life,
No Blessing's equal to a Virtuous Wife. [*Exeunt omnes*

F I N I S.

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